



THE Liguorian

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS OF GOOD READING

20 cents

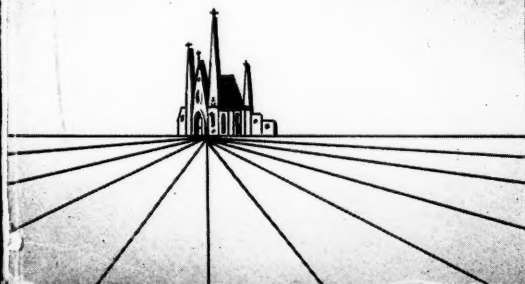
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SEPTEMBER, 1948

\$2.00 Per Year
\$2.25 in Canada

Vol. XXXVI
No. 9



Amongst Ourselves

Readers who in the past may have skipped "Sideglances — by the Bystander" in *The Liguorian* are especially urged to read it this month. It treats of the so-called historical account of the rise of Protestantism published by *Life* some weeks ago. *Life* reached several millions of readers; we reach only a few tens of thousands, and therefore we ask that each of these make himself familiar with the historical errors in *Life's* article and become ready to inform others about them. "Sideglances" points out the principal errors in *Life's* account.

Two articles in this issue of *The Liguorian* will be available in leaflet form after they have appeared here. The one is "How To Be Pure", which gives the essential program that must be followed by anyone who cherishes the virtue of chastity. The leaflets will be ideal for handing out to the members of societies and sodalities of young people, for passing on to those who are troubled by many temptations, and for giving to teen-agers in connexion with instructions on sex. The leaflet will consist of about eight pages, and will be sold at as low a price as the printing will permit.

The other article that will be obtainable in

leaflet form is the Three Minute Instruction of this issue, "How Many Religions Are True?" This will be No. 2 in a series of very small leaflets projected by The Liguorian Pamphlet Office. No. 1 of the series is "How Old Is Your Church?" which gives the birth date of most of the larger Christian sects in the world today. Both these leaflets can be obtained in lots of 100 for \$1.00; but those who cannot afford to pay for them may have as many as they wish for the asking. The leaflet "How Many Religions Are True?" gives ten simple reasons why there can be only one true religion, in answer to the popular slogan that "all religions are equally good".

A new pamphlet will soon appear from The Liguorian Pamphlet Office, entitled "How To Be a Good Parishoner". This is a follow-up on the recently published "How to Become a Catholic", of which many thousands have already been sold. The new title is not meant to be used solely by converts, but has much to say to Catholics of many years' standing. Orders for both pamphlets may be placed now at 10 cents a copy, with generous discounts for quantity orders.

1949 LIGUORIAN ART CALENDARS

May now be ordered. For many years it has been the custom of The Liguorian to provide its readers with the opportunity to obtain one of the most beautiful Catholic Art Calendars made. Order one early; the price is 35 cents each, 4 for \$1.00.

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Two Dollars per year — (Canada and Foreign, \$2.25)

Published Monthly by the Redemptorist Fathers and entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Liguori, Mo., under the act of March 3, 1879. — Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage provided for in section 1103, act of October 3, 1917. Authorized July 17, 1918. Published with ecclesiastical approval.

THE *Liguorian*

a magazine for the lovers of good reading



Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion, and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings

How To Be Pure

An outline of the schedule to be followed by anyone who wishes to preserve or regain the virtue of chastity in the modern world. Copies of this outline in leaflet form may be obtained in quantity from The Liguorian at a nominal cost.

D. F. Miller

THE VIRTUE of purity, the most difficult of all virtues in the world today, requires constant effort on the part of those who wish to preserve it and of those who wish to regain it after it has been lost. The daily program of one who wishes to be pure contains two parts. They are referred to in a certain story to be found in the Gospel of St. Matthew. One day the disciples of Our Lord, who had been given the power to drive out devils, were unsuccessful in their attempt to drive out an unclean spirit from a young boy. The father brought the boy to Our Lord Himself, and He immediately drove out the spirit of uncleanness. Afterward the disciples said to Him: "Why could not we cast him out?" He answered: "This kind of devil can be cast out only by prayer and fasting."

The two means thus referred to, prayer and fasting or self-denial, are absolutely essential to any soul who wishes to be pure.

I. PRAYER

It is impossible to preserve a chaste body and mind without the supernatural help of God. God has promised that this help will infallibly be given to all

who pray. In respect to purity, therefore, two kinds of prayer are necessary: that which constitutes a daily habit of recourse to God, and that which is specifically designed to meet the temptations against purity that so frequently arise.

A. Habits of Prayer

Into the schedule of prayer that should be followed by every Christian who loves God and wants to be pure, should go the following practices:

1) Morning and evening prayers. These need not be long. Morning prayers should consist of an offering of the whole day to God, a petition for strength to do one's work well and to overcome temptations, and then three Hail Marys in honor of the purity of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the grace of purity during the day. Evening prayers should consist of an act of thanksgiving for the graces of the day, an act of perfect sorrow for any faults or sins committed, and again, three Hail Marys in honor of the purity of Mary for the grace to remain pure. Those three Hail Marys in the morning and evening are exceedingly important; numerous souls have found in them the secret of purity even

while living in the midst of many dangers. It is good to add to the three Hail Marys the ejaculatory prayer: "O Mary, through thy Immaculate Conception, keep my body pure and my soul holy."

2) Into the prayer life of all who are sincere in their desire to remain pure should be incorporated the practice of frequent confession and Holy Communion. The sacrament of confession is not only the great means of obtaining forgiveness of sins; it is also a source of special graces and helps against future temptations, especially those against purity, and an opportunity for wise and kindly warnings from one's confessor. Therefore the soul who desires to remain a friend of God should go to confession regularly and frequently: once a week if possible, but at least every two or three weeks. Confession should not be omitted because one has few or no sins to tell at the time; if there is nothing else to tell in confession, past sins may be repeated in a general way, and the absolution of the priest will again strengthen the soul for the future.

Holy Communion, properly and frequently received, is the most powerful of all the supernatural means to preserve purity. It stands to reason that this is so, because the all-pure Saviour said of it: "He that eateth Me shall live by Me forever." (John, 6:58) It is strange that some persons complain about how difficult it is to remain pure, how strong are their passions, how many and grave their temptations, but who seldom or very irregularly receive Holy Communion. If a person meets with many and severe temptations, Our Lord is ready to come to him every day in Holy Communion just to provide abundant strength for the struggle; all should receive Him often, i.e., every week or at the very least, once a month, if they

are eager to preserve purity.

B. Prayer in Actual Need

Every human being will at times have to face temptations against purity. Sometimes they will appear in the form of evil thoughts, sometimes in the first stirrings of unchaste desires, sometimes in the uprising of the senses and the feelings. It is important to know that the first appearance of bad thoughts in the mind, or the first stirrings of unchaste desires, or the involuntary revolt of the feelings, are not in themselves sins; they are temptations; they become sins only when they are recognized and consented to or promoted and encouraged in any deliberate way. Once they are recognized, there is an infallible means of resisting them, of refusing consent to them, of preventing them from becoming sins. That means is prayer. Every soul who wants to be pure should have a favorite ejaculatory prayer to say as soon as temptation is recognized. It may be just the holy names, "Jesus, Mary, Joseph"; it may be an act of love of Our Lord, "O Jesus, I love you"; it may be the Psalmist's prayer, "O God, come to my aid; O Lord, make haste to help me"; or it may be any indulgenced prayer that one prefers. This use of prayer accomplishes two things: 1) it signifies an act of resistance and refusal of consent to the temptation; and 2) it brings immediate help and grace from God. A person can be certain that he has not consented even to the most vile and persistent temptation, if he remembers that, when he recognized it as an invitation to evil, he said a prayer.

II. SELF-DENIAL

One who wants to be pure must have a strong conviction of the importance of making sacrifices in behalf of purity. It is not enough to pray for purity; the free will must be exercised, through

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certain forms of mortification, both to resist evil in general, and to avoid the direct occasions of impurity.

A. Training in Self-Denial

One of the chief purposes of the laws of fast and abstinence imposed by the Catholic Church on her members is to train them for their task of resisting evil. To abstain from meat on Fridays and certain other days, to eat less than one desires on fasting days, is good training for purity, and such penances should be accepted and fulfilled joyously and gratefully. Moreover, everyone who wants to be pure should add to them small penances of their own choosing at certain times, or for certain periods, e.g., abstaining from candy, sugar, desserts, etc. It is of special importance that they practice strict moderation in the use of alcoholic liquors of any kind, because many sins against purity arise out of even slight excesses in the use of intoxicating drink. In certain circumstances, such as dates for young people, intoxicants should be left severely alone.

Since idleness and sloth have always been the breeding ground of lust (the prophet Ezechiel attributed the lust and consequent destruction of Sodom to idleness), it is important that the lover of purity plan his life in such a way as to avoid being idle. Leisure time should be used in pursuing pleasant and useful hobbies, in healthful activities or games, in good reading, etc. One who permits himself to drift frequently into a state in which he has time on his hands and nothing to do, will surely be tempted severely against purity.

B. Avoiding Occasions

1. *Occasions of sin offered through the eyes.* No one can be pure who does not discipline his eyes. This demands avoidance of movies, plays and shows that are objectionable even in part, and

therefore conscientious consulting of Legion of Decency ratings of movies and shows as to what may or may not be seen. It demands discipline of the eyes at beaches and resorts, sometimes even on the streets and in society. It demands that one resist forcibly any inclination to read or look at suggestive books, magazines and pictures. The eyes are windows of the soul; death can come through such windows into the soul.

2. *Occasions of sin offered through hearing.* The lover of purity is surrounded, in the modern world, by thousands whose chief amusement seems to be found in telling obscene stories or in lascivious conversation. Such persons should not be accepted as friends, nor admitted into one's home, nor sought out for companionship. If one cannot avoid hearing evil talk, e.g., at one's work, he should at least show no interest in it, and under no circumstances encourage or take part in it. Certainly no one can say that he loves purity or wants to be pure if he permits himself to indulge in obscene talk. The speech reveals what is actually in the heart.

3. *Occasions of sin through touch.* It is obvious that impurity is closely allied to the misuse of the sense of touch, both in regard to one's own body and the bodies of others. In attending to the personal necessities of one's own body, one must be prudent and modest, but never scrupulous. The general rule is that the body should not be touched except for the necessary purposes of cleanliness, health, etc. It is seriously sinful to touch the body for the sake of indulging in sex pleasure.

Even seemingly innocent touches between unmarried persons can always be fraught with danger. There is a natural attraction between the sexes and the most ordinary touch can awaken the

thought of what is forbidden. The freedom that is so widely practiced and approved between the sexes in modern times does not remove the danger.

For those who are keeping company, discipline of the sense of touch is of major importance if they truly wish to remain pure. It is true that not every kiss or embrace between those keeping company is a sin. If it is not prolonged or passionate, and is not accompanied by any immodest action, it is not sinful, but even then it can produce a strong tendency toward evil that must be seriously resisted. What is called "necking" or "petting" or "soul-kissing", etc., is forbidden because such conduct is intimately bound up with or inevitably leads to indulgence in forbidden pleasure. It may be added that any deliberate touching of intimate parts of another's body is seriously sinful.

Dancing can also be an occasion of sin. Decent, respectable dancing is not sinful; but to make dancing an opportunity for close bodily contact and suggestive movements would of course be contrary to the virtue of purity. Engagement does not grant any privileges to a couple that are contrary to what is said here.

4. *Occasions of sin through place.*

There can be no doubt that certain places contribute largely to sins of impurity. Young persons in love who park their automobile in lonely and dark places are inviting the demon of impurity to overcome them. Young men and young women who enter each others' home or apartment when no one is about, especially at a late hour of the night, are creating an opportunity for lustful suggestions to take possession of them. Similarly, to go on long trips unchaperoned, or to stay at resorts where others may think them married, is to open the way for their downfall. Such places are always occasions of sin; but once a person has learned that any meeting place strongly induces to evil actions, then that place has become an occasion of sin, and he (or she) is bound to avoid it if he really wants to preserve purity.

All the above rules for the practice of purity may be flouted by a large proportion of the people of our day. Yet purity remains a necessary virtue, a glorious ideal, an essential means both of the salvation of the soul and of happiness in this world. Therefore the example of the world must be resisted, and purity cherished, protected and safeguarded by the individual soul.



Nutshell Theology

The following extract from an English writer of the 13th century expresses very forcefully and clearly the place that the crucifix holds in the life of a Catholic, and at the same time makes a necessary distinction of which every Catholic is fully aware:

"In this manner I pray thee read thy boke and fall down to the ground and thank thy God that would do so much for thee—and worship Him above all things—not the stock, stone or tree, but him that died on the tree for thy sin and thy sake: so that thou kneel if thou wilt afore the image, not to the image; do thy worship afore the image, afore the thing, not to the thing; make thy prayer afore the thing, not to the thing, for it seeth thee not, heareth thee not, understandeth thee not. Make thy offering if thou wilt afore the thing, but not to the thing; make thy pilgrimage not to the thing nor for the thing, for it may not help thee, but to him and for him that the thing representeth. For if thou do it for the thing or to the thing thou doest idolatry."

Angels on Night-Club

If only Americans could see themselves as the angels see them, there would be little to fear for their future.

L. G. Miller

"WHAT KIND of a day was yours?" Oriel asked Arathiel.

"A trying day," was the reply. "As you can see, my client lapsed again into his besetting vice. I must confess I had hopes for him; last week he did some serious thinking for a change, and he even acted on some of my good suggestions (though he professes not to believe in me), but tonight he took it into his head, with the connivance of the Enemy, of course, that he owed it to himself to make the rounds of the night-clubs. He went at it with all the enthusiasm but with none of the innocence of a cherub, and by the time he finished he had to be carried to his hotel-room in the state in which you see him now."

They both looked at the bed, where a young man, handsome and well-favored by nature, lay sprawled out in evening clothes, breathing heavily and surrounded by an almost visible atmospheric aura of whisky and mixed drinks.

"Neither was my client," said Arathiel, looking through the wall and into the next room, "any credit to his conscience this day. He is not endowed with enough of earth's goods to visit the expensive night-clubs, as your client does. But he is well-acquainted with the lesser dives, and the result in his case is the same. Just look at him, lying there, something less than human."

Both angels sighed.

"Were we not angels knowing that the Omnipotent draws good out of all things, our work would be most discouraging."

"Indeed it would, Oriel. But the Almighty has entrusted us with this service, and we must not fail until the appointed day. Think how pleased He will be if some day through His grace our efforts meet with success."

"Never fear, Arathiel. I will not cease doing for my client all that is within my power. But with the gift of reason, how can he be so blind to the important things of his existence?"

"That is a difficult question to answer, Oriel, and I will not attempt to solve it. Tell me, rather, what is your honest angelic opinion about night-clubs. Do they serve any good purpose?"

"You have come to the right angel for an answer to that question, that is, if angelic experience counts for anything. I have followed my client into most of the night-clubs in town, and I am afraid that none of them did him any good as far as his immortal soul is concerned."

"But would you condemn them altogether?"

"No, I couldn't do that, not in theory, anyway. A night-club is looked upon by some good humans as a place where they can hear music, enjoy companionship in moderate drinking, and dance. None of these things in themselves are contrary to the law of the Eternal; they are meant to afford relaxation, which humans by a curious necessity of their nature seem to regard as essential. The difficulty comes in this, that many of the humans who regularly attend these places misuse this relaxation; they injure their bodies by excess, and what

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is more important, they wound their souls."

"By getting drunk, you mean?"

"That is only one way. Getting drunk, as your client and mine did this evening, is one of the animal sins. It is, I will admit, a disgusting sight to see a human take one of God's gifts to men and misuse it so as to drown his own reason, manifesting as he does so worse manners than an imp. But that is not the worst of the sins which flourish in the nightclubs."

"Tell me what you mean."

"Well, let us consider my client here. He is a movie star, and a well known figure among his fellow humans. He flies back and forth across the country, not with angelic agility, but along the lumbering path of the airship. When in New York, he always spends an evening at the Stork Club."

"The name sounds innocent enough."

"You will find there, Arathiel, two classes of people. The celebrities who go there to be ogled by the public, and the public who attend in order to ogle the celebrities."

"Speaking as an angel, I would say that such a thing seems most nonsensical."

"Of course it does, but you must remember that humans are far from being angels. Why, the proprietor of the Stork Club (whose angel is one of my close friends) makes no pretense about it. He carefully cultivates the great and the famous. He reserves special tables for them. He gives them costly souvenirs. He arranges special facilities for visiting photographers. The gossip-columnists (a low breed of humankind) buzz around the place like cherubs around a new arrival in heaven. It is in short nothing more nor less than a glorified Vanity Fair, where the already enlarged ego of movie stars and society

play-boys (a foolish phrase much in favor with the earthbound) is puffed up beyond all recognition by the envious adulation of those to whom the Omnipotent has given the blessing of ill-fortune, though they are blind to it. Pride and envy flourish in such an atmosphere like some monstrous weed, and these, Oriel, are the worst sins of all."

"Yes, Oriel, I agree. I remember Lucifer and his army, and how he was cast out of heaven for his pride. 'Who is like unto God!' Michael cried, and with the spear of God's justice Lucifer was driven into the pit. And do you think some night-clubs are breeding places for these terrible sins?"

"Indeed I do. Have you not heard many stories from angels who have completed their guardianship, of how pride and envy built up a hard shell around the hearts of their clients until even at the hour of death, when they knew their wrong, they shook their puny fists at the Omnipotent crying out with their embittered souls: 'Why cannot I be like unto God?' Ah, Oriel, I am afraid for my own client here. Already his pride is far advanced. He receives a thousand letters a day because he is known, God bless us, as the 'screen's great lover'. Tonight at one of the night-clubs he visited he got into a miserable brawl because someone made a remark which (God bless us again) 'offended his dignity.' I was so ashamed for his childishness that even I who am an angel almost blushed."

"I understand it well, Oriel. But my problem is a little different. It is not pride or envy which motivate my client."

"Which night-clubs did he visit to-night?"

"He stopped first at the 'Gay Paree.' From there he proceeded to the 'Club Oui-Oui', and followed that by a visit

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to the 'Latin Quarter.' There were more than he planned to visit, but the last one finished him; two double whiskeys on top of what he had previously consumed and he had to be carried home."

"Well now, Arathiel, I'll tell you what I think about the night-clubs that you mention, and a lot of others with French or Cuban or Moroccan names. They cater to a rather peculiar and unlovely trait of American humans, a trait which stems from ingrained puritanism on the one side and a very shallow moral outlook on the other."

"Continue, Oriël. This is my first assignment as guardian, and what you have been telling me is very helpful."

"This is the way I see it. The average middle-class American prides himself on his respectability. But he also likes to regard himself in another part of his mind as potentially very wicked; strangely enough, he feels just a little ashamed of being good. He reads in his grubby little sex-magazines of the brazen wickedness of Paris night-clubs, and of how abandoned they are in the dens of Morocco and the dives of Cuba, and he enjoys a vicarious thrill in supposing that, given the opportunity, he could be just as abandoned as anyone else. The night-clubs you have mentioned and many others cater to this peculiar frame of mind; they try to combine an atmosphere of wickedness with an air of pseudo-respectability."

"What you say is very true, and let me see if I can carry on. My client is a middle-class business-man living in a small town not many miles away. He came to the city two days ago on a business-trip, after taking fond leave of his wife and two children. A friend had told him not to miss the 'Club Innuendo'. 'The floor show there,' the friend said, 'will knock your eye out.' So my client picked up with a wretched, overly

painted female human in the hotel lobby and set out for the 'Club Innuendo.' He never reached it, but the others he visited were just the same. In each of them he bought a few drinks, put a paper cap on his head, called the waiter garcon, laughed long and loud at his own vulgar jokes during the floor show, and all in all thought he was a devil of a fellow."

"And he wasn't far from right, either. Let me prophesy the future of your client. He will return to his home, and of course not breathe a word of his adventures to his wife. He will settle back into his middle-class respectability, until he has the opportunity for another escapade. In his private life, he'll be neither very good nor very bad, but he will be careful to maintain his standing as a pillar of six civic organizations. He will live and die as a mediocrity, first, last and always, and when he dies the Rotary Club will observe a minute of silence in his memory. I'm afraid, Arathiel, that your chances of doing something for your client are not much better than mine. If he were totally depraved, you might shock him into a sense of duty. But he is too self-complacent to realize his own lukewarmness, and alas, it may be that already God has begun to vomit him out of his mouth."

"But why can't American humans realize these things?"

"Because their way of life leaves them no time for reflection or meditation. They are like cisterns without water, filled with the stones of their cheap and petty earthly plans and hopes. They have left no room in their souls for God, but have crowded him out and have sealed the entrance by their pride. And strangely enough, they do not even enjoy the trivialities upon which they have set their hearts."

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"But how can we be sure of that? We are angels, and they are men."

"You need not be a human to judge whether or not a human is happy, Arathiel. When you looked into the souls at the night-clubs you visited, did you see any real joy there? Believe me, my client visited them all, and I know whereof I speak. Whether it is the Stork Club at one extreme, or Tony's Tavern at the other; whether the music was by that human genius, Beethoven, or a collection of discords comparable to the symphony of Hades; whether the customers wore silks and satins or overalls; I have looked into the souls of all of them, and I have found much deception, but little joy."

"There was much self-deception visible; that I will admit. Many of them appeared to be hiding from the realities of life or trying to escape from their responsibilities."

"Yes, and here's a strange contrast, Arathiel. American humans are supposed to have more creature comforts, more conveniences and pleasures, than any other nation in the world. Yet they also have more mental cases, more nervous ailments, more crimes, more suicides."

"There are more churches, too, Oriel."

"Yes, I will admit that. But how many of those who attend these churches merit the condemnation we heard One make long years ago: 'This people serves me with their lips, but their heart is far from me.' You and I and all guardians of American souls have been given a difficult assignment, Arathiel. We must try to bring home the supernatural to souls which are steeped in the love of this world."

"And you hold night-clubs and taverns responsible for much of this?"

"No, do not misunderstand me. They are only a symbol, Arathiel, of the

American cast of mind. Their popularity among all classes is the outward sign of an inward decay. And in nothing is this more apparent than in the numbers of female humankind frequenting them. To women the Omnipotent has entrusted a duty to be performed for Him in their homes, and they are shirking it, thousands of them, millions of them. It is a sad thing, Arathiel, and she who is the Queen of Heaven is much disturbed lest her Son in righteous anger strike all these women with a terrible blight. I was told as much by Gabriel himself, who as you know is very close to the Lady. Indeed there are some in heaven who say that the blight has already begun to descend upon them in their increasing childlessness. If they choose barrenness, let them beware lest God afflict them with barrenness."

"Indeed they have reason to fear."

"And yet in their folly these American humans dare to tempt God. Just yesterday I was talking to an angel who is guardian of a Catholic who lives under the curse of prosperity, and considers it a great and remarkable thing if he receives the Body of the Lord more than once a year. This angel told me that his client happened to read something about Our Lady's appearance to humankind in Portugal not many years ago, and thereupon expressed his surprise to a friend that such a vision was not granted to the people of the United States. 'We certainly deserve it,' he said, 'we have given so much to the church.'"

"They have given so much! Does he think that money alone can buy the good pleasure of heaven? They have indeed done much; if only they could realize how much also they have left undone."

"That is why I say, Arathiel, that

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the passion for visiting night-clubs and taverns among our clients in this country is a symbol of their soul-decay."

"But will you say that a good human should never visit them at all?"

"I will not say that, Arathiel. But I will say that the human who makes them a mainstay of his life is leaning upon a frail reed which some day will break and pierce him as he falls. For angels and men, the sentence has been passed. 'They shall be punished by the very things in which they have sinned.'"

"I see my client is beginning to stir himself, Oriel, and I must begin my task of putting good suggestions in his way. Perhaps there may yet be time

to save his soul before he is called before the Judge of angels and of men."

"Yes, Arathiel. It may be that in His providence a great shock is in store for your client tomorrow. The sudden death of one of his friends, a narrow escape from death himself, a serious illness. Give your client no peace. Stir up his conscience when he lies sleepless upon his bed. We must not rest in our work; there is too much at stake."

"I shall not fail, nor shall I cease to pray."

"Let us pray indeed that the will of the Almighty may be done on earth as it is in heaven."

Alteration

We find the following little incident, which we heard from the lips of the Catholic pastor involved, quite interesting and instructive. It took place in a northern Michigan town where, as not uncommonly happens, the Catholics and Lutherans have churches only a block or so apart. This particular Lutheran church was dedicated to St. Ansgar. It so happened that both the priest and the minister belonged to the Kiwanis or some such civic group, and at one of the meetings of the organization, the priest mentioned the fact in passing that St. Ansgar lived some two or three hundred years before the Lutheran religion was founded, and had lived and died in full communion with the see of Rome. The remark was made in a spirit of fun, and none of the good Lutherans seemed to take offense, not even the Lutheran minister who was also present. But the incident seemed to set up a train of thought in the mind of the latter which finally led to somewhat drastic action. Not long afterwards the priest was passing by the Lutheran church and he noticed a workman busily engaged in making some alterations on the notice board outside the building. St. Ansgar's name had disappeared, and in its place, in bold letters was being printed the following legend: Messiah Lutheran Church.

"Funny" Question

The following little story deserves wider circulation. It is told of Father Anthony La Berge, who is serving as chaplain of the various embassy Catholics in Moscow.

Making a trip to another city, Father La Berge found himself in a compartment with three women, who quickly identified themselves as ardent Communists, and began to heckle the priest.

"Do you really believe," they asked him, "that the Pope is infallible?"

"In matters of faith and morals, I certainly do believe it."

Whereupon there was much laughter on the part of the Communists. The priest waited until they were silent, then he said:

"Now I'll ask you a question, and be very careful how you answer it. Do you believe Stalin is infallible?"

No answer was forthcoming, and there was no further conversation.



Character Test (65)

L. M. Merrill

On Paying Debts

Much can be learned about people's characters from their attitude toward debts. The modern world offers innumerable opportunities to all for making debts; indeed, through high-pressure advertising it even urges and begs people to buy on the installment plan, to accept loans "on their signature", to borrow money on their property and possessions, and to accept services that they can pay for only in the future. As a result, three classes of people may be identified on the basis of their attitude toward debts.

1. The first class, consisting of the strongest and most dependable characters, includes all who have resisted the popular trend toward going into debt, and who therefore contract no debts except such as are necessary (e.g., for doctor's services) or are clearly within their future means to pay. They seldom buy "on time", preferring to save their money and buy what they want for cash. If they do find it necessary or reasonable to go into debt for something, they do not rest until the debt is paid, and will make any sacrifice to meet the payments.

2. The second class consists of those who carelessly go into debt beyond their means, and who are prone to buy themselves new comforts and conveniences even when old debts still remain unpaid. Such persons may owe large sums to their doctor, grocer, butcher, etc., yet you will see them making a down payment on a new car, knowing that this will simply put off indefinitely the payment of their other debts. Of course they seldom have anything to give to charity or religion, and they complain when they are asked to give to such causes. They are the shiftless and undependable. They are numerous too, as the unpaid accounts of doctors, grocers, parishes, etc., would reveal.

3. The third class consists of those who are known as dead-beats. They contract debts and then deliberately scheme to get out of paying them. They simply forget creditors who do not press or prosecute them; and they escape others by moving from place to place and leaving no trace, or by lies and misrepresentations concerning the goods received. Such persons not only possess base characters; they should be in jail.

Every God-fearing, justice-loving human being should try to be a member of the first class here described; not of the second or the third.

One Million Feeble-minded

A description of the various forms of mental backwardness, with sound comment on what can and should be done for the feeble-minded.

H. J. O'Connell

THE PROBLEM of dealing with the feeble-minded, troublesome in every age, has become doubly difficult today. In simpler societies, where the pattern of life was more settled, and the requisites for earning a living were less, the dull-witted were not at such a disadvantage. But in modern civilization the progressive advance in universal education, the complexity and speed of life, the higher requirements for employment, and the need in so many jobs of operating delicate or dangerous machinery, have all tended to widen the breach between the mentally deficient man and his normal fellowmen. Since the number of feeble-minded has been conservatively estimated at over one million, the gravity of the social problem with which the nation is confronted is evident.

Feeble-mindedness, also called *amentia*, or mental deficiency, is a condition of subnormal intelligence and social incompetence due to arrested brain development. Although the I. Q. of the feeble-minded is usually below seventy, a diagnosis of mental deficiency cannot be made on the result of intelligence tests alone. There must also be present social incompetence, that is, the inability to get along and provide for oneself in human society. The feeble-minded have never reached normality because the brain, which is the instrument of the soul in the exercise of intelligence, has never sufficiently developed. Those persons who once possessed normal intelligence, but lost it, are called, not feeble-minded, but demented.

On the basis of their ability to adjust

socially, the mentally deficient can be divided into four classes:

1) *Idiots*, who have a mental age of less than two years, and an I. Q. of below twenty, present the picture of a more or less mature body governed by an infant's brain. They are unable to guard themselves from common physical dangers, and have to be dressed, fed, and cared for like a baby. Some never learn to walk or talk. If they do, the speech consists of mere grunts or monosyllables, and the gait is awkward and clumsy. Incapable of sustained effort or attention, with little memory or imagination, they have only a shallow emotional life. Anger, fear, curiosity, and an infantile type of play are occasionally manifested. Frequently sensory defects are present, and they do not seem to have much sense of pain. Some idiots are fairly responsive; others are uncooperative and destructive. Since they are very susceptible to disease, they usually die young.

2) *Imbeciles* have a mental age of from two to seven and an I. Q. of from twenty to fifty. Like children of preschool age, they can guard themselves against common dangers, dress, eat, and care for their own physical needs. Most can talk fairly well, though their vocabulary is small; but only a few can read or write. Imbeciles can be taught simple manual tasks. However, they require constant supervision, and are incapable of managing themselves or their affairs. Like grown-up children, they are often docile, happy and contented, love childish games and picture books, are emo-

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tionally unstable, easily excited, and sometimes rebellious. Lacking initiative, they often imitate the words and actions of others, are extremely gullible, and easily led. Attention and muscular control is poor, though better than that of the idiot.

3) *Morons* have a mental age of from seven to twelve, an I. Q. of from fifty to seventy. Although capable of some schooling and industrial training, of holding a job, and supporting themselves to some extent, they need guidance and direction, because they are unable to compete on equal terms with normal people. However, if the situation is not too complicated, they can get along fairly well. Many routine and monotonous jobs, which would be too boring and unsatisfying for a person of more intelligent mind, are just right for those of the moron level. In fact, much of the tedious, but necessary work of the world is done by cheerful morons. Concentration, memory, judgment, and reasoning are below normal. They lack the finer aesthetic senses, and enjoy only the cruder types of humor. Although the moron is not necessarily a criminal, still, because he has the strong impulses of an adult, without the intelligence to foresee the consequences of his acts, he is prone to fall into evil habits, and at times into criminal behavior.

4) *Borderline cases* are of two kinds. One class consists of those who are below normal in I. Q., but have a special ability of getting along in society. The other class is made up of those who can pass the mental tests, but are unable to adjust to social living, because they are emotionally unstable, or lack foresight and prudence.

It is a mistake to think that the feeble-minded can be discerned by their physical appearance. In an interesting

experiment, the director of an institution for defectives made photographs of twenty-five feeble-minded, and twenty-five normal boys. Those to whom the pictures were shown could not distinguish between the two classes with any degree of accuracy. However, there are certain clinical types of mental deficiency which are accompanied by evident physical abnormalities.

1) *Mongolism* is a condition characterized by a small rounded skull, slit-like eyes, sloping upward and outward, from which the defect has received its name. The cause of mongolism is much disputed, but seems to consist in some defect in the parental germ-cells. These individuals are often happy, contented and affectionate. Although imbeciles in I. Q., they are capable of some mental and social development.

2) *Cretinism* is due to deficient function of the thyroid gland. Physically, the cretin is squat and dumpy, with broad, short hands, flat nose, thick lips, protruding abdomen, rough, dry skin, and wiry hair. Mentally, he is dull and sluggish, with the I. Q. of an idiot or low grade imbecile. Administration of thyroid extract, if begun early enough, can produce startling improvement.

3) *Hydrocephaly* ("water-head") results from an excess of fluid in the ventricles of the brain. The great pressure expands the head to abnormal size, and interferes with brain development. Most hydrocephalics die early; in those who survive, there will be a mentality ranging from idiocy to borderline intelligence, depending on the severity of the cerebral pressure.

4) *Microcephaly* is marked by an abnormally small head, usually cone-shaped. The brain is likewise small and undeveloped. The mental level is usually that of an imbecile.

5) Birth injury, cerebral inflamma-

tions, epilepsy, tumors, and like causes can produce other clinical types of mental defect.

From feeble-mindedness, one must carefully distinguish *mental retardation*, which consists in intellectual backwardness due, not to lack of native intelligence, but to some physical, emotional, or environmental factor which is preventing the child from manifesting his true ability. Such conditions as poor eyesight, tuberculosis, and malnutrition can cause backwardness in school. Many a child has been thought feeble-minded who merely needs glasses or a few square meals. Mental conflicts, too, can also absorb the attention of the boy or girl and prevent normal progress. Usually, if such causes can be removed, the backwardness will disappear. Not a few famous men were thought to be mentally deficient as children.

Consequently, a diagnosis of feeble-mindedness should not be made on the basis of school work or intelligence tests alone. The physical and emotional condition of the person, his general behavior, social adjustment, heredity, and environment must all be taken into account.

What part heredity plays as the source of feeble-mindedness is much debated. Some experts emphasize the influence of heredity; others consider that most cases are the result of causes operating after conception. Some investigators claim to have found traces of inheritance in 80% of the cases they have studied; others find heredity operating in only 20%. A conservative estimate would probably place the figure between 30% and 50%. In general, the modern tendency has been to lessen the emphasis on heredity as cause of mental deficiency. Practically, even abstracting from the moral aspects of the question, it can be asserted that, although a feeble-minded person is more likely than a

normal individual to have defective children, no sound scientific basis has been established for depriving any person of the right to marry and beget children.

With the exception of cases due to endocrine disorders, there is not much hope for restoring the feeble-minded to normality. Hence, the problem of treatment resolves itself into trying to train them for useful, contented lives within the limit of their possibilities. Idiots and imbeciles must be placed in an institution, unless the home environment allows for adequate care. But it is neither necessary nor desirable to confine all morons or border-line cases. Actually, the institutions for the mentally defective are filled to capacity, even though only a small percentage of the cases are being cared for in them.

Idiots are untrainable; imbeciles can be taught simple tasks, such as basket-weaving, sewing, and gardening. Morons can even receive some schooling, and be trained for industrial work. Religious instruction and character training in accordance with their capacity must have a place in their programs. Habits of hygiene should be instilled; and careful attention paid to their physical needs. In a word, whatever means will help the defective child attain to as full and useful a life as possible should be adopted. Much has been done for them; much more remains to be done.

Prevention of feeble-mindedness, hampered by the present ignorance of causes, is limited to preventing injury to the child before, during, and after birth, and to providing a diet adequate in vitamins.

Certain enthusiastic but misguided defenders of Eugenics have proposed as measures to prevent mental deficiency: 1) euthanasia, or the killing off of the

unfit; 2) segregation of the feeble-minded in institutions; or 3) the prohibition of such to marry; 4) compulsory contraception; 5) sterilization of mental defectives. All these proposals are not only immoral, but ineffective.

They are immoral because they violate man's right to life, to the integrity of his body, and to enter marriage. These rights are not given by the State and cannot be taken away by the State, except in some cases as a punishment for crime. Eugenists perhaps do not realize this, but they are implicitly subscribing to the doctrine that all human rights are from the State, and are completely subject to the State. This is totalitarianism in its most virulent form. The Catholic Church stands up today, as she has through all the ages, in defending the sacredness of human life, the dignity and rights of man. Hence, Pius XI, in his *Encyclical on Christian Marriage*, wrote: "Public magistrates have no direct power over the bodies of their subjects; therefore, where no crime has taken place and there is no cause for grave punishment, they can never directly harm or tamper with the integrity of the body, either for reasons of Eugenics or for any other reasons."

The programs advocated by the Eugenists are not only immoral, but ineffective. Only a small percentage of defectives, about 13% at most, are born of feeble-minded parents. The other 87% are the result of non-hereditary causes, or are the offspring of normal

parents who have defective germ cells. It has been estimated that if all the feeble-minded could be killed, segregated, or sterilized, it would take 2,000 years to reduce the proportion of feeble-mindedness from 1 per 1,000, to 1 per 10,000 of the population.

Considered from a purely pagan and materialistic viewpoint, mental deficiency is one of the greatest misfortunes that can befall a human being. But, looked at in the light of faith, even this heavy cross is not without its consolations. These defectives have an immortal soul and an eternal destiny with God. Those who are without the use of reason are incapable of sin, and hence after baptism are certain of a place in heaven, where there will be no more sickness or defect. Those with the use of reason have, like all other adults, sufficient grace to save their souls. Human wisdom and knowledge, after all, are of slight importance in comparison with the light that all men will receive when they look upon the face of God, the Infinite Truth.

Moreover, the presence of these defectives in a community gives opportunity for the exercise of the great Christian virtue of charity. The Master has said: "What you do to the least of my brethren you do unto me." Surely, the least of all his brethren are those poor helpless ones, whose defective bodies deny during life full expression to the spiritual and immortal soul with which they are endowed.

Achievement vs. Odds

The United Negro College Fund recently publicized the following record achieved by thirty-three Negro institutions of higher learning: 3,200 Negro doctors, 1,400 dentists, 800 nurses, 1,000 lawyers, 27,000 students of college grade. The report referred moreover to many more thousands of trained teachers, journalists, social writers, clergymen, engineers, agricultural experts, writers, artists, musicians, bankers, merchants and businessmen.

Readers Retort

(Readers are invited to express disagreement with any opinions or convictions expressed in *The Liguorian*. We like especially to receive such disagreement when it is supported by evidence or authority. The editors reserve the right to condense long letters.)

Seattle, Wash.

In your article on the power of pamphlets, you quote the Rev. Bonaventure Fitzgerald as saying that the problem is not one of production but of distribution. Perhaps you will find the answer to that problem in the fact that in the attempt to spread pamphlets made by the same priest, \$72 was asked for the 400 pamphlets per month for a year. Now in these days of high living costs, where can any ordinary man find \$72 to put into pamphlets? The only way people will accept pamphlets is when they can get them free. We should take an example from the Protestants, who have countless centers about the country (there is one near my home) offering free literature in any quantity for distribution. That is why their racks are scattered all over town and everywhere. . . .

F. J. J.

Our correspondent misread the reference to the \$72 deal. No attempt was made by Father Fitzgerald to get individual Catholics to subscribe to this plan; the offer was made to parishes as a whole. No one would expect an ordinary working Catholic to assume such an expense. . . . We do agree with F. J. J. that there must be more giving away of Catholic pamphlets if the cause of spreading the faith is rightly to be served. Practically every evangelical sect in the country is ready to hand out free literature to anyone, and to send it through the mails with no expectancy of a return. The Liguorian fondly hopes to be in a position to do such things within a short time, i.e., as soon as its new home at Liguori, Missouri, will be standing on its own financial feet.

The Editor.

Kerrick, Minn.

Your "Pamphlet Power" interested me. There is no denying the good pamphlets do, and only God knows how many have been brought back to the sacraments and converted through them. . . . The problem is distribution, and may a layman make some suggestions? I used to be a travelling salesman, and many

a long evening I passed having fun with pamphlets. I'd put a dozen or more in my pocket and go "window-shopping", and while looking at a display in a store, leave a pamphlet lying on the edge of the window. Then I'd move on to the next store and watch what happened. An occasional person would pick up the pamphlet and then put it back, but most of the passers-by would first look about to see whether anybody was watching and then slip it into their pocket or purse. Never did I see one thrown away. . . . Very few will use such methods, however, and the real problem is to get the pamphlets out of the racks. We should forget the profit side of the deal and give them away. Any group, the K. C.'s, Holy Name Society, the Legion of Mary, should readily put out something, or hold a card party, to cover the cost. It is the five or ten cents tagged on each pamphlet that stops them from going out. Not necessarily that people are stingy, but in most cases it is just plain sales resistance—somebody is trying to sell them something they don't want. . . .

R. P. H.

Ditto what we said above. Pamphlets need crusaders, who will leave them about freely in every kind of public place, as our correspondent has been doing. And Catholic organizations may well take the hint: that they should make an essential part of their activities the spreading of Catholic literature—free.

The Editor.

New Orleans, La.

A shut-in friend of mine is much disturbed over something she read in a back number of the *Liguorian*, to the effect that those who have tried to live good lives and have received the last sacraments may have to remain in purgatory for a long time, while a great sinner may attain heaven immediately because of a dying act of repentance that purged all egoism from his soul. . . . We would like to know why the good, pious person, who perhaps received Communion every day, will have to remain for a long time in Purgatory, while it is made to seem so easy for the

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sinner to become perfect in his dying moments and thus to enter heaven at once.

A. C.

It was not stated in The Liguorian that the sinner always does make his act of contrition so perfect that he is spared from all purgatory, nor that the pious person will always find himself doomed to a long purgatory. The point was made that it is possible that a seemingly pious person may turn out to have been not so truly pious at all, having cherished many little faults that were not seriously combatted at all, and that a great sinner may not have been so evil as he appeared, because of lack of instruction, opportunity, etc. However, both these would be exceptional cases; in the ordinary run of things, the truly pious person who is trying to be a saint will have little purgatory to suffer, and the great sinner who has offended God often will still have much to atone for in purgatory, despite a last moment confession.

The Editor.

Buffalo, N. Y.

I have a bone to pick with The Liguorian office. . . . Why is it that I did not receive

a notice of the expiration of my subscription? It was only by chance that I noticed it was about to run out and I am enclosing my renewal so that I shall not miss the next issue. Over the past several weeks I have been bombarded with notices, appeals, promises and bonuses for the purpose of getting me to renew my subscription to the *Readers' Digest*, but no notice at all from *The Liguorian*, which, to my mind is far more valuable than R. D. Don't let your subscribers down.

C. H.

We are sorry, but at the same time pleased with such "retorts". Perhaps when we have several million subscribers, like R. D., we shall be able to send out half a dozen renewal notices within a few weeks. Meanwhile, as we are laying the foundations at Liguori, Missouri, there are bound to be slip-ups and mistakes, even in the important business of sending out single notices of expiration. God knows that we want and need the renewals if our work is to succeed and progress to the point where it will offer some real competition to the pagan, unmoral and immoral literature that floods the stands and inundates homes. Don't let us miss anyone.

The Editor

Military Leadership

There has been a strong trend recently toward the selection of Army and Navy leaders for important government jobs. Here are a few:

General Marshall—Secretary of State
Admiral Leahy—Presidential Advisor
General Bedell Smith—Ambassador to Russia
Admiral Kirk—Ambassador to Belgium
General Holcomb—Minister to South Africa
General Hines—Ambassador to Panama
General Fleming—Head of Federal Works Agency
Admiral Smith—Chairman of Maritime Commission

This trend, of course, is easy to understand: it is difficult to find qualified civilians who are willing to take on such jobs.

Description of a Woman

St. Teresa was utterly womanly, and had all the greatness, distinction, and grace that are signified by that term. She had all a woman's quick intuition, and a good deal of a woman's incapacity for discernment of character. The logical processes of discursive reasoning were as distasteful to her as they are to the average member of her sex. She had a woman's quick sensibility and responsiveness to all that is attractively noble. She had, too, a woman's unselfish impetuosity in giving herself, regardless of cost in terms of pain and hardship, to whatever captured her affections.

Edward Leen, S.S.Sp.

Bill and Bea

This story is not fiction. It is told just as it happened, even to the first names of the young people. It is like a breath of wholesome, fresh air in an age that is often humbly depressing as to marriage, family, home. We hope you find it so.

D. J. Corrigan

ALL WAS set for the wedding on the morrow. Bill and Beatrice had each made a three-day retreat and were sauntering, hand in hand, down the avenue. They had just left the rectory, where Fr. X had given them their final instruction, put them through their rehearsal and had heard their confessions. The world seemed quiet and serene until Bill finally opened his mouth:

"You know, Bea, I'm not quite sure that I should go through with this. I am beginning to wonder whether I shouldn't go off to the seminary and become a priest."

Bea stopped dead in her tracks. "Well, if that's the way you feel, you had better let go my hand right now!"

Needless to say, Bill did not go to the seminary. He and Beatrice are very happily married today with three little boys and a fourth—a girl this time, they hope—to come. But to Bill and Bea their marriage is a kind of priesthood, in which the little ones are their flock, their home their sanctuary, and their willingness to give themselves their sacrifice. To put it shortly, they live in joyous awe at the tremendous task and responsibility entrusted to them as *quasi-co-creators* with God.

Yet, strange to say, just a few weeks before their marriage Bill was to all practical purposes a pagan, and Bea was a fallen-away Catholic!

Today Bill is a successful young commercial artist. But it is the pure artistry of his calling that intrigues him, and he loves to spend hours, when he can

spare them, over a portrait or a woodland scene. At one time he had his heart set on a musical career and spent four years under the tutelage of Madame Vedda Karst, the teacher of Helen Traubel. But after a few recitals he turned, for its practical benefits, to his dexterity with paints and pencil. He is happy in his work.

"I was baptized as a baby," said Bill. "But that is as far as my Catholic upbringing went. My mother was divorced and married again, and I was really raised by my grandparents. They were all baptized too, but never went to Mass or the Sacraments."

"Then when I was about eight, I had an accident and broke my leg. During my long stay in the hospital I became acquainted with the chaplain, Father Vanverloh. He suggested that since I was baptized I should take instructions and make my First Communion. I thought it was a good idea."

"For some time after my First Communion I hobbled to Mass all alone on my crutches. But I was frightened and after a time gave it up. When your parents don't go, it just doesn't work. When I met Bea, the Church didn't mean a thing to me."

Although Bill is too good a Christian to let it embitter him, one can almost detect a trace of resentment in his voice nowadays, when he describes what his family, by their neglect of the real values in life, almost let him in for.

"Neither Bea nor I ever had much in the way of family life," went on

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Bill, "and when we agreed to marriage, we decided, God-willing, to have a real family."

"And what happened to you, Bea?" I asked.

"Public high school," replied the young mother, at the same time throwing a quick glance at the nursery, whence an unusually loud roar was erupting. "When I graduated from the eighth grade at St. Margaret's, some of my friends were going to public high school and I thought it would be a smart thing to do. After a while religion didn't mean a thing to me and I just gave up everything.

"There were other things too," she continued. "When I was ten, my mother, who was always a good Catholic, had a nervous breakdown and she has been in a sanitarium ever since. My father, while he wanted us to go to Church, was continually making critical, even blasphemous remarks about priests and religion, and that did not help.

"Once out of school I got a job and spent five years in an office. I continued on in my irreligious way, almost up to the time of our marriage. Then one day a devout Catholic girl in the office, named Pauline, left a book under my nose. I asked her whether I couldn't take it home and read it. It was 'Why Catholics Believe', by Father Scott. I read the first two chapters on my way home on the street car and I believe that I was convinced then and there that I was all wrong. Anyway, it was Friday and when I got home I refused to touch any meat, for which they all laughed at me. I had been eating meat every Friday without a qualm. In the meantime I had met Bill."

"Remember, Bea," spoke up her husband. "There was something else that affected you at that time. I had been singing with the choir in a Jewish

Temple and I picked up a non-Catholic bible some place and gave it to you. You began to read at random and came to the Last Supper. When you came to our Lord's command: 'Do this in commemoration of Me', you said to yourself: 'Why, only the Catholics are doing that.'"

"There was another strange thing," said Bea. "After I met Bill, for some peculiar reason I started going to Mass occasionally."

"I know that I didn't help her in that," interposed Bill. "But for some reason too at that time I decided I had better try to get control over some of my bad habits. I guess it was about the only thing I knew at that time to make myself worthy of her.

"I first saw her in a restaurant," smiled her husband, as though it evidently was a happy recollection. "Right then and there I expressed a desire to an artist friend of mine to meet her, and some time later he arranged to have me introduced to her father. Her father was an artist, too, and we decided to collaborate on a studio. Then after much contriving he invited me to his home and I finally met the 'girl of my dreams'."

"Then a year and a half later, in April, 1942," explained Bea, "we decided to get married. But did we get a frosty reception from our folks!"

"Bea's relatives didn't want me," stated Bill, "because I was a no good pagan. And my people did not approve of her because they were set on a career for their boy and she was not important enough. I'll never forget when my mother yelled at me: 'She'll make a d— Catholic of you!'"

"Then there was that time in the park." This from Bea. "We both used to take our lunches to work and then meet in the park and eat them together.

That was where we decided on how to get married."

"By this time I was singing in the First Congregational Church," continued Bill. "I was telling Bea this day how the minister had come to me and asked about my yearly income. He was evidently sizing me up as a prospective parishioner. 'What difference does it make?' asked Bea. 'Well,' I told her, 'I guess I'll have to let him know, if he is going to marry us.' At that Bea almost had a fit."

"I told him that if we were going to be married, it would be done by a priest," interjected Bea. "That was one thing I held on to in spite of the wreckage of my faith."

"At that time it wouldn't have made any difference to me," said Bill. "It could have been by a judge, minister or priest. I had absolutely no interest in nor conviction concerning religion. But I was really scared to meet a priest!"

In this crisis the young couple appealed to Pauline. This little lay missionary took them to Father Madigan, S. J., but as he was leaving town, he turned them over to Father Stauffen.

"Yes, for two months Father Stauffen really gave us the works," declared Bill. "Some of those instructions lasted until two in the morning. Once he convinced me of the existence of God, everything else fell into place so logically that I was really converted. I began to see how important the Catholic religion is to a happy marriage. Then it was that I said to Bea: 'We had better do this right: let's go the whole way and be real Catholics before our marriage.'"

They were married in June of 1942.

Just the other day Bea remarked: "Occasionally I feel a pang of resentment at having to be confined at home with the children so much. But then I

look at these youngsters and say to myself: What could I be doing in life more important and more glorious than this—training my own little ones? Then there is no more discontent."

"On the subject of children," volunteered Bill, "most of our friends are non-Catholics and their attitude and words sometimes hurt. But then, when we see the hollowness and oftentimes the wreckage of their marriages, we see how wise we are. We know of some cases where these friends have refused to have children, then later on when they wanted them, couldn't have them. Bea and I both want a large family of children."

His wife continued: "I remember after Charlie, our second boy, was born, we were so happy that we thought something was wrong. I wrote to Father Stauffen and asked him whether we shouldn't pray for crosses. We laughed when his answer came back: 'Lord, don't pray for crosses; you'll get plenty of them soon enough.'"

Then Bill: "Bea and I often talk about what a dreadful thing divorce would be for ourselves and especially for our little ones. Sometimes we feel like locking the doors and windows and shutting the whole world out of our marriage. From the beginning we resolved always to talk over everything that each would do with the other, and it has worked."

"Did you ever have any serious squabbles?" I asked.

"Yes, we have had a few," answered her husband. "But we have always got together before the evening was out and both ended up blowing our noses."

"Bill is always very thoughtful about flowers on anniversaries," continued Bea. "That helps more than he realizes."

"But Bea makes very good pies and chocolate cakes," beamed her husband.

"Look at my girth!"

His wife went on in her soft voice: "There were some things to which I found it hard to adapt myself with Bill, and I suppose there were things that Bill found difficult with me. (At this her husband shook his head—no.) There were his hobbies. When he got interested in photography, for a year I had to get used to sitting alone in the evenings after the children were in bed, while he spent hours down in that dark room. But then about that time I read a book: 'The Family That Overtook Christ' and it helped. When the youngsters are screaming and I am about at my wit's end, I remember the predominant theme of that book: 'Love Serves' and I calm down."

Like other Catholic parents with small children, Bill and Bea go to different Masses on Sunday. Usually Bill gets out for an early one, then later drops his wife at the church and takes the children for a drive. "Sunday morning," he remarked, "used to be a great morning for sleep, when I was a pagan." They have already trained the youngsters in their morning and night, before and after meal prayers, but the family rosary is still a little too much for them. "It is prayer and our faith that have made our marriage a success so far," said Bea. "When the going gets rough, it's our religion that gives us some-

thing to hang on to and to trust that all will come out right. I can see how married people without religious convictions can easily end up in divorce."

"Yes," said her husband, "the Catholic religion and its truths are so convincing that we have no doubts about our duty and no real fears regarding the future. Bea and I talk of death often and our only hope is that we shall both live long enough to give the children the proper start in life they need. Our only fear is that we are not doing our part of it right. I guess it's the same with all young couples, but raising children is an entirely new experience. We wonder whether we are too strict or too lenient, whether we are fair to each, whether we are giving them the proper example and best religious training. Anyway, I am convinced of one thing: all the glamor and success of an artistic career couldn't even begin to compare with a few moments of the real happiness that Bea and I have had with our children."

At this point in the interview little Tommy, the youngest, woke up in his crib and being hungry, began to bawl. While Bea went to look after his needs, I asked Bill: "Do you have any more comments to offer?"

"Only this," he laughed. "My advice to young married couples with three small children is: 'Don't have a dog.'"



Your Value

The following statistics have been often published but it is good to repeat them from time to time for the sake of humility in regard to purely physical beauty and achievements: In the human body there is enough

Hydrogen to lift a balloon.

Iron to make five carpet tacks.

Carbon to make 9,360 pencils.

Salt for a dinner party.

Phosphorous to make 8,064 matches.

Nine and one half gallons of water.



Three Minute Instruction

How Many Religions Are True?

Frequently heard statements are the following: "All religions are equally true;" "one religion is as good as another"; "different religions are merely different roads to the same goal". Here are 10 reasons why one religion is not as good as another, or why there cannot be several religions equally true:

1. Because different religions contradict one another, at least in some points, and contradictions can never be equally true.

2. Because religion is an exact science—the science of what God demands of men and what men owe to God—and no science can maintain that opposite propositions are equally true.

3. Because all men have the same nature, the same destiny, the same needs, the same laws and the same God, and therefore there must be only one true religion intended for all.

4. Because religion is truth—the truth about the proper relationship between man and God—and truth is objective, unchangeable, indivisible and one.

5. Because different religions offer different ideas about God and His will for mankind, whereas God is one and always the same, and there can be only one true concept concerning Him.

6. Because different religions preach or maintain opposite moral precepts, e.g., concerning divorce and remarriage, whereas God could not say to one man: "Divorce and remarriage are prohibited to you under pain of damnation," and to another: "Divorce and remarriage are approved for you."

7. Because Jesus Christ is the only Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, and He said to His apostles: "Go and teach all nations, whatsoever I have commanded you, and he that believeth (all that I have commanded) shall be saved; he that believeth not (all that I have commanded) shall be condemned. (cf. Mark, 16:16.)

8. Because it is a matter of history that Christ did found one Church, and said to that one Church: "He that heareth you, heareth me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me." (Luke 10:16.)

9. Because nowhere, in all Christ's teachings in the Bible, can a statement be found to the effect that there can be more than one true religion.

10. Because, since men proclaimed the proposition that "all religions are equally true," so many hundreds of religions have been invented, so wildly contradictory in belief and practice, that many men have been moved to say "There is no truth in religion at all."

Therefore it is the duty of every human being to satisfy his mind that he is practicing the one true religion, and, in doubt, to seek out the one that is unmistakably true.

Trial Without Justice

A contemporary record of heroism, this story should be of special interest to all present day Americans.

H. J. O'Connell

"TO ALL the charges brought against me here in this court, I answer that my conscience is clear in every way. . . . I shall not try to defend myself, nor shall I appeal against the verdict. For my convictions I am able to bear not only ridicule, hatred, and humiliation, but I am ready at any moment to die."

Less than two years ago Msgr. Aloysius Stepinac, Archbishop of Zagreb, in Yugoslavia, pronounced these words with calm dignity before a Communist court, from which all semblance of justice had been banished. As he spoke, he was awaiting a pre-arranged verdict, conscious that not he himself, but the Catholic Church was on trial.

That Msgr. Stepinac showed no fear of the inevitable sentence is not surprising to one who knows the story of his life. From his youth, he had demonstrated the quality of high courage. Conscripted into the army during the First World War, he attained the rank of second-lieutenant, twice won the *Medal for Valor*, and received the Yugoslav equivalent of the *Congressional Medal of Honor*.

Several years after the end of the war, he entered the seminary, and, following a brilliant course of studies, was ordained in 1930. At the age of thirty-six, in recognition of his outstanding qualities of mind and spirit, he was made Coadjutor, and the next year became Archbishop, of Zagreb, capital of Croatia, which is one of the three sections of Yugoslavia.

When the Germany army rolled into his homeland in 1941, a task of great

difficulty and responsibility confronted the young archbishop, as the care and protection of the poor and the refugees devolved almost entirely upon him. Fearlessly, in the tradition of courageous bishops through the ages, he stood against the paganism and inhumanity of the conquerors. In that oppressed land, his was almost the only voice raised in defense of the rights and dignity of man.

The Jews, in particular, found in him a helper and defender in their hour of need. Again and again, from the pulpit of his Cathedral he condemned the persecution of men because of nationality, creed, or race. Despite obstacles put in his way by the authorities, he succeeded in bringing food to the trainloads of starving Jews who passed through Zagreb on their way to concentration camps. On their arrival at the camps, he continued to help them as best he could, and even risked his own life by hiding fugitives in his palace, and helping them to get secretly to places of safety.

How determined was his defense of human dignity and freedom is clear from an incident that occurred in 1942. Two priests and six nuns were of Jewish descent, and therefore had to wear the yellow "Star of David", prescribed for all of their race. The indignation of the Catholic people was so great that the authorities exempted these eight from the law. But the archbishop declared in a sermon: "I have ordered these priests and nuns to continue to wear this sign of belonging to the people from which Our Saviour was born, as

long as others will have to do so."

The archbishop's sermons, which were always attended by huge crowds, were quoted against the Nazis by the British and American Offices of War Information, and even broadcast on the Communist-controlled radio. His estate was plundered, his parents' home destroyed, and his brother executed by the Germans. Yet, later on, Msgr. Stepinac was accused by the Communists of "collaboration with the Fascists!"

It is true that he did not openly and formally break with the Nazi-controlled government. But, as he explained many times, in his position he could not do so. After all, this government was then in actual power, and as archbishop of a huge diocese he had to maintain some relations with it. Besides, if he pushed matters to a complete rupture, he would be banished, and the many dependent on his help and guidance would be left totally without assistance.

At length, the fortunes of war changed. The Germans and Italians were driven out, and, in the confusion, the Communists under Tito, with Russian aid, took control of the country. For the Croats, who are almost all Catholics, it meant only the exchange of a harsh master for one even more cruel.

Hating the Catholic Church as their worst enemy, the Communists instituted a campaign of bitter persecution and terror. Priests were killed, imprisoned, and exiled, often without a pretense of trial. Of the 1,916 priests in Yugoslavia in 1939, only 401 were left in 1946. Every archbishop and bishop was arrested and detained in prison. Over 400,000 of the Catholic laity were killed in Croatia alone. The Catholic Press was completely suppressed at the very time that a campaign of anti-Catholic propaganda was being carried on in Communist papers. Catholic

schools and institutions were closed, and Catholic youths barred from higher education as "reactionaries". Churches were profaned and destroyed, shrines desecrated, convents seized, and the nuns dispersed. Atheism is at present openly taught in the schools, while religious instruction is curtailed or forbidden. Compulsory work or attendance at demonstrations on Sunday morning renders attendance at Mass impossible. No chaplain is allowed in the Yugoslav army, and the soldiers are forbidden to enter a church, or call for a priest when dying.

The bishops of Jugoslavia, led by the archbishop of Zagreb, protested in several joint pastoral letters against the violation of religious liberty and freedom of conscience; but to no avail. Msgr. Stepinac was arrested, shortly after the close of the war, and imprisoned for seventeen days. Upon his release, he continued to protest against the Communists' disregard for human rights with the same courage he had shown in withstanding the Nazis. He was answered with insults and a campaign of vilification, in which the same false and malicious accusations were made that were later brought up in his so-called "trial". Randolph Churchill, son of Winston, recognized the direction in which things were drifting when he wrote in the *Daily Telegraph* of January 3, 1946: "The Yugoslav propaganda against the archbishop of Zagreb has only one purpose, i.e., to prepare the trial of the archbishop."

Msgr. Stepinac's final arrest occurred at six a. m., September 18, 1946. He was rushed to trial on September 30th, having been allowed only one hour to talk to his lawyers. The character of the court in which he was tried allowed for any abuse of justice. The whole legal and judicial procedure of Jugo-

savia had been swept away, and in its place were substituted "People's Courts", in which men without any legal training acted as judges. Their decisions were made "not according to the dead letter of the law, but by the proper healthy conception of the people", i.e., according to the whim of the judges. The *Trustee for Legal Affairs of the Anti-Fascist Council of Serbia* stated:

"In the course of the national liberation struggle, the people have swept away the old authority in all its forms, including the legal system. . . . The people have developed their own people's legal system."

With regard to the choice of judges, the Radio Belgrade declared:

"It is not important that the judges be professionals; it is important that they have democratic ideas, and are devoted to the Movement."

The three judges appointed for Archbishop Stepinac's trial did not even try to show impartiality, but plainly considered the defendant guilty from the start. In the most arbitrary manner, they disposed of the defense. The President of the Court refused, without giving any reasons, to hear the fourteen principal defense-witnesses. Most of the documentary evidence submitted by Msgr. Stepinac's counsel was excluded with the declaration that it was either not pertinent or not important. When the archbishop's lawyer tried to speak, he was accused of trying merely to prolong the trial, although the Public Prosecutor had used up forty-eight hours, while the two lawyers for the defense had been allowed a total of only about twenty minutes! Even the audience in the court-room was carefully picked. Admission was by tickets, which were distributed by the Communists.

The indictment against the archbishop contained six principal accusa-

tions, all of which were either entirely false, or were malicious distortions of the truth.

1) He was accused of being a member and instigator of certain terrorist groups, and of participating in their crimes. In making this assertion, the Communists took advantage of a coincidence of names between a Catholic Youth organization, founded twenty years before, which called itself the "Crusaders", and a separate and distinct anti-Communist organization, formed toward the end of the war, which used the same name. The archbishop was charged with being the leader of the latter group, with whose establishment he had no connection. As for his fomenting of terrorism, he challenged them to produce proof, but none was forthcoming.

2) He was assailed for collaborating with the Fascists during the war. Msgr. Stepinac's record of heroism, as previously outlined, is sufficient refutation of this charge.

3) It was stated that he forced certain groups of orthodox Serbs to embrace Catholicism. Actually, the archbishop strongly opposed forced conversions, and publicly proclaimed that only those should be received into the Church who were converted of their own free will.

4) Another accusation was that, as Military Vicar, he instigated the chaplains to incite the soldiers to acts of terrorism and to oppose "the struggle for liberation." Msgr. Stepinac was, indeed, appointed Military Vicar, and, as such, had the chaplains and soldiers of the various armies under his spiritual care. But as for inciting them to acts of terrorism, no proof was offered.

5) It was also asserted that he made the Catholic Press an organ for pro-Fascist propaganda, and for opposing the national liberation struggle. The

truth is that the newspapers mentioned were private enterprises, under the control of the government then in power, rather than of the archbishop. Some of these very papers even attacked Msgr. Stepinac and accused him of "meddling in politics," because of his opposition to certain policies.

6) Lastly, it was said that he concealed some criminal documents in his palace. He did, it is true, keep documents of the former government that had been entrusted to him for safekeeping; but, as soon as the Communists came into power, he informed them of these documents, and was instructed to hold them until it could be decided what was to be done with them.

In order to show his opinion of the prejudice of the court, and to bring out the sham trial for what it really was, Msgr. Stepinac refused to defend himself, declaring: "Time will have its own reward, when I have the right to say what I want to say." This silence greatly exasperated his enemies, and caused the Public Prosecutor to say: "You are trying to assume the role of a martyr, like Jesus before Pilate. Your silence is a concealment of your acts. You wanted to put a knife in the back of the Croat people."

At last the archbishop broke his silence, and in an address of thirty-eight minutes stated his side of the case. First, answering the charges one by one, he proved his innocence by cold,

clear logic. Then, taking the offensive, he brought out in detail the persecution to which the Church had been subjected in Yugoslavia, making it evident that his own trial was but one aspect of that persecution. After making an appeal, which he knew to be hopeless, for an agreement on religious matters between the Communist government and the Holy See, he concluded with the declaration: "As for myself, and the verdict, I seek no mercy. My conscience is clear."

That he would be judged guilty was a foregone conclusion. The only question was what the penalty would be. On October 11th the decision of the court was announced. The archbishop was sentenced to sixteen years of forced labor.

For almost two years, Archbishop Stepinac has been in his lonely prison. He is separated from his flock, and from the poor he loved so well. No longer can his voice ring out the message of human freedom and the dignity of each man before God. But he can have the consolation of knowing that his silent suffering is preaching more effectively than any sermon, proclaiming to the world that every human right: freedom of conscience, justice before the law, all the liberties that free men hold dear, exist no more where the red hand of Godless Communism wields its enslaving power.



For Brides

The author of *Dives and Pauper*, a medieval book, has these wise words of comment on a bridal custom of the times:

"Three ornaments at marriage belong principally to the wife: a rynge on her finger, a brooche on hyr breste, and a garland on hir head. The rynge betokeneth true love; the brooche betokeneth cleanness of herte and chastity that she ought to have; and the garland betokeneth the gladness and the dignity of the sacrament of wedlock."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: In a gathering of married people not long ago, I heard a man who had been married for 20 years boast as follows: "I had two children during the first five years of my married life, and during the rest of the time I've practiced birth-control. This has never stopped me from receiving Communion; I've gone every Sunday of my life. I just don't believe that birth-control is a sin, and I won't let priests or Pope tell me that it is. They are entitled to their opinion and I am entitled to mine." What are we to think of such a statement?

Solution: Just as in heaven there are "many mansions", and different degrees of happiness and glory, so in hell there are degrees of capacity for suffering, and it is hard not to believe that the most terrible suffering will be the lot of those who have deliberately resisted the authority of God as made manifest to them, and then scandalously boasted about their resistance. Of course one must not forget the possibility that the man who spoke the above words was a moron or a half-wit (unknown as such to his friends), and therefore not to be held responsible for what he did or said. Only God can judge the lack of responsibility that arises from some form of feeble-mindedness.

For a person of sane and mature mind and with elementary Catholic instruction, to speak as this man spoke is to exercise a form of pride that has been visible in all the greatest crimes in the world's history. The essence of religion is subjection and obedience to God, as His will has been made known in the natural law, the teaching of His Son, and the doctrines and commands of His Church. No man can be forced to submit to God, nor to enter heaven, nor to escape hell. Neither can any man be forced to obey a specific law of God, such as the prohibition of birth-prevention. Thus a married person is free to prefer comforts and conveniences on earth to God's law and God's heaven, as many have done and are doing today. But when a man adds to that choice the statement that he knows better than God, and when he sacrilegiously receives in Holy Communion the same God who imposed upon him the law that he flouts, he is asking for a terrifying eternity. May God have mercy upon him, and open his eyes to the terrible thing he has done, and grant him repentance unto blood and tears!

The Kiss

There is both humor and warning in this story, for those who are inclined at times to let their hearts run away with their heads.

E. F. Miller

IT IS not often that a Mother Superior of a highly-respected convent here in the United States kisses a *man*, especially a strange man who just happened by and whom she had known only a couple of days at the most—and that in front of her whole community, including the young sisters who were so recently out of the novitiate that they were still wearing their original veil. Ordinarily such a procedure would cause at least a raising of the brows and a subdued intaking of breath on the part of even the oldest and most tolerant of the nuns. The younger ones would discreetly turn aside their heads and fall into animated conversation with their companions. But none of these things happened. All looked on with evident approval; and it is reported that a few followed the example of the Mother Superior and kissed a man too, the same man, of course.

The blame for this indiscretion can be laid squarely on the times. The days are troubled, and uneasy are the heads of men that sleep on pillows at night. No one knows just what will happen next in the world of politics and international law. And there is such a bustle of people coming into the country from strange and far-off places in an effort to secure food and clothing for the starving multitudes who are the direct victims of the recent war. One can hardly take the latch off the door in the morning without finding someone on the threshold with papers all in order asking for the kindness of a donation for the little children of Bosnia or the cad-

averous women of Lithuania. And Americans have the happy quality of listening to these petitions and doing what they can. Undoubtedly that is why God has blessed this country as wonderfully as He has. Charity covers a multitude of sins.

Sisters are no exception to this rule of helpful sympathy and sympathetic help. From the fact that they are Americans just as much so as Betsy Ross or the Daughters of the American Revolution stems their indigenous and natural generosity; and from the fact that they are the dedicated of God just as much so as an angel or an archangel stems their charity which is generosity elevated and supernaturalized and made into a shining virtue. Let no man (or woman either) say that the front door, or at least a small aperture in the front door, of a convent, any convent, was not thrown open to him in the hour of his need, and without the embarrassment of numerous questions, a cup of coffee and a sandwich, plus a holy picture and medal of St. Joseph handed out to him to assuage the hunger of his body and bring warmth to the bleakness of his soul. A coifed head hovers near conventual front doors as well as back for just such purposes.

But when it comes to the aiding of a fellow-religious who has come on hard times, then the barriers are let down completely and the convent is turned over like a playground to the visiting mendicant to romp about where and when she will while the Sister Procurator scans carefully the stocks of stored up

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material for such items as can be given away without bringing penury to the native personnel. It is related that when the persecution against religious broke out in France during and after the notorious French Revolution, sisters by the score flowed over the borders of their ungrateful fatherland into surrounding countries to find refuge from the guillotine. Many of these sisters were reduced to the necessity of becoming chambermaids in pensions and waitresses in taverns, for they had no money with which to build or buy a convent, and there was no work for them to do for which they might be granted a livelihood. It is certain that such a tragedy would not happen in America.

Quite definitely it did not happen the day that the strange sister, dressed in a little-known habit, was ushered into the presence of Mother Superior. Her habit was voluminous, more voluminous than that of the most heavily clad amongst the sisters in the United States, falling all the way to the floor and covering even her feet. Its color was a mixture of red and white and black. The scapular, that is, the long straight piece of cloth a foot in width that covered both the front and the back of her dress was red while the dress itself was black. Her veil was white and had so peculiar a construction that it concealed nearly her whole face. She was small and fragile, and that part of her face which could be seen was as rosy as a ripe apple even though it was a bit robust in its size and coarse in its texture. She had a way of hanging back in a kind of shy and humble manner, which trait was undoubtedly due to the delicacy of the mission which it was her duty to accomplish. The signs were clearly present of a cultured training and more than ordinary antecedents.

Mother Superior became all a-twitter

as she listened to her story; and in the back of her mind there lodged the idea that they might have a prize in this strange lady. Perhaps she was a member of some royal family who had tossed aside the purple and fine linen, the silks and satins of a high estate, to accept the poverty and lowliness of the Poverello. Surely she was at least an abbess although not one word had escaped her lips concerning any high position that she occupied either in the world or in the convent. But that was easily understandable. Do not all novitiates inculcate a deep humility? And would it be proper for one who came to beg to assert immediately her connections and privileges, especially in a country where all men are considered equal and where privilege is looked upon as sinful? These thoughts swirled through Mother Superior's head like snowflakes in a blizzard as she listened to the history that was unfolding before her. She had to pay close attention, for the English spoken was bent and broken almost to the extent of being another language. But she was able to piece together the burden of the message, gathering meanings from the context when the words were pulled beyond all comprehension. The story was this.

Sister Innocentia was a nun of the convent of Schwitzerei in the country of Cynthia, which country had its location in the mysterious stretches of the north and eastern parts of Asia. Mother Superior had never heard much about Schwitzerei, or Cynthia either for all that. But neither, she felt, had anybody else. There were so many small kingdoms, independent republics and suppressed nations over there in that area that it would take a learned geographer and member of an experienced State department to know what was what and where was which. Her field

of knowledge was sociology; and fortunately so, for it made her lend a most attentive ear to the tale of distress that was flowing from Sister Innocentia's lips. For centuries the convent of Schwitzerei had been one of the most flourishing institutions of the whole country, training young girls in the art of graceful living as well as in the art of Christian dying. And many other arts were taught there too. Indeed, the place had quite a reputation, and kings and queens of the past had not felt it below their station to enroll amongst the pupils, many of whom were the children of commoners, their own daughters, and have them educated in the same rooms as these others as though there were no distinction of blood between them.

And then came the war. The first thing that happened was that soldiers were bivouacked in the convent, turning it into a veritable barracks. The poor sisters had to crowd themselves in the basement where they were deprived of sunshine and light, for they were afraid to go abroad in daytime when the sun was out and were forbidden by a curfew law to go abroad at night when they would not have gone out anyway and when the sun could not have helped them for the simple reason that it had disappeared over the horizon. And so it was that they grew wan and pale, and such things as rickets and clinging coughs began to attack their health. And then came the night of the awful air bombardment. Without warning bombs screamed down from the dark sky into the city with the cry of a man in pain, and exploded with terrific fury and unmerciful devastation. They approached closer and closer to the convent. Small pieces of cement began to fall from the ceiling of the basement as a result of the concussions.

The sisters were lying on the floor next to the walls, as they had been instructed to do, and some of them were crying and some were praying and some were quiet, too paralyzed from fright to open their mouths even to cry. The black of their habits was growing white from the dust that had been showering down in greater quantity with every new explosion. It was deafening. The basement trembled and rocked like a ship in the midst of a storm, and great cracks appeared in the stout walls. Then all was silent with a silence more pronounced and noticeable in contrast to the tremendous din of the moments before. The drone of departing planes became more and more indistinct. One by one the anti-aircraft guns ceased firing. The attack was over.

Not for many minutes did the sisters dare investigate the amount of damage done to their convent. When they did arise from their untidy positions and cautiously look around, they noticed at once that one wing of their building had received a direct hit from a bomb, and unfortunately, it was the wing in which was kept the convent's supplies. These supplies were burning fiercely now; and they continued to burn till morning. When at last the flames subsided, there was not enough material left to clothe and feed a community of infants much less a community of adult women who had already grown weak from lack of nourishment.

From that moment on conditions went from bad to worse. The ending of the war merely brought out the people into the open from their cellars and air-shelters to the convent so that they could without fear of death from bomb or shell but with fear of death from interior ravages and fever, besiege the sisters for sustenance. The sisters listened to the pleas and so completely

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sacrificed what was necessary for their own survival that several of them had already died from malnutrition and more would die soon if aid were not immediately forthcoming. In view of the fact that the Americans were not only blessed with great material prosperity but also were known the world over for their unstinting generosity, would the bearer of this deep tale of woe be transgressing the bounds of what was proper if she asked her fellow sisters in religion to part with some small sum of money for the succoring of those others in religion who had so little? God would reward them for their kindness.

So ended the story. The visitor sat on the edge of her chair and waited. Mother Superior's face was bathed in tears, and rightly so. Only a stone would ask for credentials (as a little voice told her she should do) from so tragic a figure as occupied the chair before her. The truth was evident in her very look of sadness. Something would have to be done at once. She called her first assistant and gave orders that every spare shred of clothing and every available can of canned goods, and every dispensable dollar should be gathered up and turned over to Sister Innocentia. Schwitzerei would be rehabilitated. Tubercular nuns would be revived. Holiness not hunger would once more thrive in Cynthia. And when the wheels of this charitable activity were smoothly turning, she took the poor sister by the arm and led her to the best room in the convent and told her that all the services of the institution were at her disposal as long as she wished to remain.

It is not often that convents of strict observance relax the rule of the Great Silence that is set up in order to hold the nuns in recollection from night prayers until the end of the morning meditation. But during the three following

days even the Great Silence was dispensed with and talking permitted for the pleasure and entertainment of Sister Innocentia. And then finally came the day of parting. The whole community gathered on the lawn in front of the convent. It was the moment of farewell. Mother Superior stood at the side of the now dejected visitor and gave her a last moment's advice on the various convents of the country that would receive her kindly and contribute to her cause. When finally the car drew up that was to take Sister Innocentia and her bundles to the station, Mother Superior threw her arms around her neck and kissed her tenderly. Some of the other sisters did the same. The embraces over, the car drew away, and it was the last that was seen of the unfortunate nun. But it was not the last that was heard of her.

Next morning Mother Superior received a letter from the bishop of the diocese. In the letter was the startling news that she was not to give anything away to a nun who claimed that she was from a convent in Cynthia. The reason was that not only could no such convent be located, but also that the nun was not a nun at all. She was not even a woman. *She was a man* dressed up as a nun, and making a large fortune off the credulity of real nuns. Mother Superior's face burned red. She had kissed a man. She should have known better! But she attributed the shadows on his face to hardship and fatigue. She never thought for a moment that those shadows could have been the foundation of a beard which had been scraped and covered over until it had almost entirely disappeared. But it really was too good a joke to keep to herself. So, during recreation she told the sequel to the story of Sister Innocentia. The sisters laughed too, and those who

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had kissed the man felt just as foolish as did Mother Superior herself. They would be careful in the future. Those men! One never knew what they would be up to next. How fortunate was not one in escaping masculine clutches by having a vocation to the religious life! But the good fortune did not hold as far as the larder was concerned. For two weeks the sisters went on short rations. Sister Innocentia had so com-

pletely cleaned out the kitchen and the rooms which surrounded it that there was just barely enough to eat until new supplies could be put in. Most likely he/she had a tremendous banquet in some hobo jungle when he/she had sufficiently cleared the convent premises to be able to sit down in leisure and safety and enjoy the fruits of his/her labor.

Teeth Trouble

The following letter, preserved by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, was sent to George Washington by his dentist, a man who obviously was not timid about reading a little lecture to his distinguished client on the care of one's teeth. The letter is reproduced by Jay Gates in the *Victorian*, and is dated December 28, 1789:

"Sir: I sent you the enclosed to setts of teeth, one fixed on the old Barre, and the sett you sent me from Philadelphia, which when I received it was very black, ocationed either by your soaking them in port wine, or by your drinking it, Port wine being sower, takes all the polish and all acids have the tendency to soften every kind of teeth and bone. . . . If you want your teeth more yellower, soak them in Broath or pot licquer but not in tee or acid. Porter is a good thing to color them.

"You will find I have altered the upper teeth you sent me from Philadelphia. Leaving the enamel on the teeth don't preserve them any longer than if it was of. It only holds the color better. But to preserve them they must be very often changed and cleaned for whatever attacks them must be repelled often or it will gain ground and distroy the works.

"The two setts I repaired is done on different plan than when they are done when made entirely new, for the teeth are screwed on the Barrs, instead of having the Barr cast red hot on them, which is the reason I believe they distroy or dissolve so soon, near the Barrs.

"Sir; After hoping you will not be obliged to be troubled very sune in the same way, I subscribe myself;

Your very humble servant,
John Greenwood"

Whose World Is It?

Today women are entitled to cast fifty-one percent of the votes in America. They are eligible to any federal political office, including the United States Senate. They represent over one-third of all the wage earners in industry. Over seventeen million of them are gainfully employed, many of them in jobs which were once viewed as entirely masculine sinecures. They own seventy per cent of all the nation's private wealth; sixty-five per cent of the nation's saving accounts; forty per cent of its real estate. They pay eighty per cent of the inheritance taxes; collect eighty per cent of its life insurance; and spend over eighty-five percent of the family income. And in case any one doubts that they have a man's world well by the throat; they buy seventy-three per cent of all men's neckties.

Clare Boothe Luce

Pre-Marriage Clinic

D. F. Miller

Question: Is love necessary for a happy marriage?

Answer: It depends on what you mean by "love". I might add that it also depends on what you mean by marriage, but we shall take for granted that you mean what the Lord meant, viz., an indissoluble sacramental partnership between a man and a woman who pledge themselves to help each other toward happiness on earth and in heaven, and to beget and rear children for the kingdom of God.

What do you mean by "love"? Do you mean that violent feeling of attraction, that all-suffusing sense of helpless infatuation, that overpowering "can't-think-of-anything-else" emotion, which the pulps, true story magazines and mashy novels describe as love? If you do, my answer is a quick "no". This kind of love is not necessary because there have been thousands of happy marriages without it, from those in which the bridegroom was chosen for the bride (or vice versa) by elders, as was customary for centuries, down to the latest marriage of two young people who kept their wits about them all through their company-keeping and engagement. The wild infatuation that some mistake for love is a minor form of hysteria, and hysteria is not only not necessary for, but a positive drawback to, a happy marriage.

But if you define love correctly, I say that it is absolutely necessary for a happy marriage. Love is an intelligent willingness to surrender self-will, to make sacrifices, to place fidelity, charity and duty above feelings, in behalf of a person whom one has found to be a good companion, a sturdy character, and a believer in the same purposes of life and marriage as oneself. The degree of physical and emotional attraction behind this determination of the free will may vary greatly, but it is never the essence of love. Too many young people have thought otherwise, to the effect that, with the inevitable lessening of infatuation after a year or two of married life, they have considered themselves no longer in love. Love is a function of the free will, and it can last as long as the free will exercises itself according to the above definition. Therefore, to say "I am in love" should mean "I am willing to surrender my will, to sacrifice my desires, to place duty and fidelity above all else, in behalf of one person whom I have found suitable for a successful marriage."

"Senhor 33"

Translated from the Portuguese, in which language it was written down by a Padre as a true recording of an incident in his life, this story matches anything in the "blood and thunder" magazines.

W. F. McKee

THE TIME, Christmas Eve. The place, the Brazilian city of Trindade in the State of Goiaz. The city sleeps wrapped in the darkness of a moonless night. In the great jungle beyond the city loud thunder claps shake the earth and the trees. Brief, bright lightning flashes show two men on horses making their way through the jungle. They ride side by side, heads low and saying nothing. Both wear enormous hats with very broad brims and huge raincoats which protect both them and their horses from the rain. The figures and features of the two men are so alike that it would be said that they were taken from the same model. Beyond this they have little in common.

One is a priest, Father Sebastian, a Redemptorist missionary well-known throughout the whole State of Goiaz. The other is a stranger who had presented himself without any formalities to the priest a short while before with the name Leoncio de Assis.

About an hour before when Father Sebastian was giving the final touches to the Christmas crib, this stranger had knocked at his door. The priest immediately thought it must be a sick-call. He opened the door on a husky, dark stranger with a pair of piercing eyes, who said bluntly to the priest: "They tell me that you will go out at any hour. My woman is very sick."

"I will be with you in a minute," Father Sebastian answered. He got the Blessed Sacrament and the holy oils and shortly was on his way. The clip-clop of the horses' hooves and the noise of the storm were the only voices that

broke the silence of the night until the stranger said: "Padre, my place is a good distance."

"That's all right."

"And it looks like the storm is getting worse."

"That makes no difference," the priest replied to the half-objections his companion was making.

"We'll have to cross through the jungle."

"No matter."

After this, silence. But a notable change took place in the stranger's attitude. The priest caught him looking at him several times with a certain sympathy and admiration. To the mulatto the conduct of the priest showed great courage and the priest noticed this.

The sick call completed, and no longer carrying the Blessed Sacrament, the priest felt free to converse on the way home. He was not prepared however for his companion's first question.

"Padre, you don't use a revolver, do you?"

"Ah," the priest exclaimed with a smile, "I always carry one to shoot bandits." He was joking of course. But a shiver ran down his spine and he wished that he was carrying one right now.

"Padre, you have heard people speak of '33'?"

At this question the priest quivered. Who hadn't heard of "33?"

"Yes, Leoncio, I have. '33' is the bandit who got his name from the number of people whom he has killed. But that's as much as I know of him."

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The priest looked out of the corner of his eye trying to take in with a quick look the face of his companion across the darkness.

"You would like to hear more about him, Padre? I know him well. He was not always a murderer. He was just an ordinary boy till he was fourteen. One afternoon when he was returning home with the cattle he heard angry voices coming from the front of his house. It was his father in a violent quarrel with an Italian by the name of Libio Cardoso. The boy ran into the house and threw himself on the floor under the window nearest the two men. Peeking out he saw Cardoso threaten his father with a revolver and before he was able to help he saw the gun spurt fire and saw his father fall heavily to the ground. He dashed from the room but it was only to hear the last sighs of his parent. Torn with grief and rage he lifted a closed fist to heaven and swore: 'Father, my only and supreme ambition will be to avenge you.'"

"Cardoso fled from the city to escape the police and the son of his victim. One day when he was walking down the street of another city he heard a familiar voice call: 'Senhor Cardoso, look at me.' He turned around. At that moment a bullet pierced his heart. Cardoso was number one."

The two men, absorbed in the account, were startled by a sudden flash of lightning. Then, everywhere, darkness and rain.

The priest was on the point of asking Leoncio how he knew all this but for some reason he restrained himself. Leoncio continued the account, raising his voice a little to be heard above the prattle of the rain.

"From that day the boy lived a fugitive. To hide, to defend his liberty, were his only thought. Two policemen,

the terror of the State of Goiaz, were assigned to capture him dead or alive.

"For the young bandit this was practically a sentence of death. Ricieri and Aristides, the two policemen, were continually on his trail but always one step behind him. They followed him everywhere—down long, intricate paths, over swollen rivers and lakes. And one day they suddenly came upon him. Before they could draw their guns two shots broke the silence of the jungle. Ricieri and Aristides had lost their first and last opportunity.

"From this time the bandit's name became familiar throughout the whole state. Soon he killed four more men and became known as the 'Seven Heads.'"

"'Seven Heads' was feared for his proficiency with the knife as well as with the revolver. I remember the time he was caught without his revolver by Caio Toledo, a negro. Caio aimed and shot at him once, twice, three times, but he missed each time.

"Amazed that he was still alive the bandit pulled his knife. When Caio missed his next shot even at close range, he killed him with one stroke of the knife."

The two horses still plodded along side by side in the heavy rain. The great claps of thunder had stopped.

"One thing, Padre, that can be said in favor of this man, he never killed in cold blood. Except once. It happened in a small town. He was fleeing from the police, his knife stained with fresh blood. Running down one of the back streets, he noticed a Turk, squat and very fat, named Odilon Habdala, who was standing in the door of his house. A diabolical playfulness came upon him. He stopped: 'Hello, my Turk, would you like to keep this knife for me?' and he buried it to the hilt in the Turk's

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ample stomach."

Even for the missionary accustomed to hearing great sins, this casual recital of murder was too much. He began to tremble beneath his cloak and had to hold on to his saddle for support. He made an act of perfect contrition and hoped for the best. What would be the outcome of this ride?

It was almost the hour for midnight Mass. As the horses turned onto the main road and the priest was able to see the lights of Trinidad, he began to breathe more freely. Perhaps he would return home alive anyway.

The pair rode in silence for a few more minutes and then the priest dared to ask: "What ever happened to '33'? It has been a long time since he killed anyone. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, he stopped killing. And there are those who even say that he stopped because his heart has turned good," Leoncio said.

This was sweet music to the priest's

ears. Encouraged he said further: "I see that you know '33' pretty well, Leoncio. I would like to meet him."

"Why?" said Leoncio with a changed tone. The question was more of a threat than a question. "Perhaps you would like to cross revolvers with him?"

"No, I would like to talk to him, that's all. Perhaps I could persuade him to confess his sins."

The change was even more apparent in Leoncio. "Padre," his voice was hard, "you are one of the finest men I have met. I admire your courage. I thank you for having come out tonight to take care of my woman. Yet I tell you with absolute certainty that the first priest who asks '33' to confess his sins will be number '34'." And spurring his horse he rode off into the darkness.

Father Sebastian, looking after the departing figure, shook his head sadly: "Poor boy. If only he had repented. His confession was already made."

Time-Keepers

A missionary working in the Dutch East Indies, as reported in the *Annals* of the *Holy Childhood*, has some interesting comments on the fact that the natives of that part of the world have no provision in their language for counting or keeping time. They must express the idea of time by means of descriptive phrases. He then quotes some examples:

When do you get up?

When the rooster crows.

What time do we eat?

When I must bend my head and body to look at the sun. (ten o'clock)

What time is supper?

When the sun is past horizon.

When do we quit work?

When I am apt to guess wrongly the face of a man at a little distance. (At dusk)

When the missionary is trying to get across the idea of a fifteen-minute thanksgiving after Holy Communion, he puts it this way: "Pray as long as it takes to boil a pot of rice." A longer period may be described as "one chewing of a betel nut." Finally, if a native is asked his age, the best reply he will be able to give is: "I have three younger brothers."

BIBLICAL PROBLEMS (20)

E. A. Mangan

The Fate of Solomon

Problem: Is there any opinion among Scripture scholars concerning the question of Solomon's eternal fate? Was he saved or lost?

Solution: As to the opinion of Scripture scholars, both ancient and modern, I should say that there is no satisfying agreement, though there is a trend among modern scholars toward the opinion that he was lost.

Those who hold that Solomon was saved have no semblance of a positive argument. Many of the ancient authorities base their opinion on what is said in the first four chapters of Ecclesiastes, one of the sapiential books of the Old Testament. In these four chapters the sacred writer describes many of the vanities of this life and concludes that all worldly things are vanity and nothingness. In ancient times many authorities held that the author of Ecclesiastes was Solomon, but that opinion is not probable today. According to all modern authorities of any weight, both Catholic and non-Catholic, Ecclesiastes is one of the latest books of the Old Testament.

The authorities who hold positively that Solomon was lost point to the fact that both in chapter 11, verse 43, of the Third Book of Kings, and in chapter 9, verse 31, of the Second Book of Paralipomenon, the statement, identical in both passages, that Solomon "slept with his fathers and was buried in the city of David," is a very colorless and apparently condemnatory statement to make at the end of a career such as Solomon's. There may be some weight to this argument, especially when it is noted that Paralipomenon was written to prove that the kings who did most for the temple and the service of God were the happiest. If the author of this book had known of any final conversion or repentance on the part of this king who built the temple, it is assumed that he would have mentioned it. The tendency to look for some remark about Solomon's repentance is heightened by the knowledge that the author usually does mention any good point that might redeem the character of a bad king. One striking example is the long passage on the penance done by Manasses, one of the worst kings.

However, the argument is in no way conclusive. To me it seems almost certain that the Biblical author did not know of any public penance done by Solomon after all his sins, especially that of idolatry. The question is still open because he could have privately repented at the last moment.

Never Underrate A Sailor

A glimpse into the life of men who sail the seas in ships, and into the heart of one who knows what to look for in port.

T. A. McDonough

IT'S two o'clock on this balmy summer's morning, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and forty-eight, when a slight and youthful merchant seaman in New Orleans, up from his ship at the dock about a mile away, jingles the bell at our rectory door to keep an appointment he made with me, his priest, when I met him on board his vessel at half-past three of the afternoon before.

Bareheaded, with curly black hair, this guy from the black gang (or an engine department man to you, if you like) stepped with a smile into the rectory. Had a tan sport shirt on and tan gabardine trousers neatly pressed. To hide my fears, I stifled a sigh and welcomed him in with a chuckle of joy. Clicked on the lights in the deserted parlor and shook him again by the hand. A lonesome vigil for me was happily ended.

"Couldn't get a taxi," he explained, "and that's what kept me so long on the way. A watchman at the ship told me the Church was only a short ways off. I guess it is, if you know your way and—can see where you're going. Nobody on the streets at this hour to ask for directions, I had an awful time. These angle streets and that army camp of a housing project—been wandering around for hours!"

It was a wicked night. Twice, flotillas of police cars had been around. There is a wave of vandalism going on; also a "cutting" took place in the Avenue Barroom. Prowlers were twice reported in the bandroom of the school.

Lucky boy, Gene, I thought. If the police picked you up they'd hardly believe your story; this merchant seaman taken up on suspicion—he says he's going to church at two in the morning! What a laugh!

"You're tired, Gene," I said, but actually it was myself who was drowsy.

"We catch up on sleep when we get to sea," replied Gene. "I'm not worried about sleep. I was on watch from four yesterday afternoon to midnight; back on watch at four this morning and we shove off two hours later. During the war I stood watch once through twenty-four hours. I'm young. It doesn't bother me. And what do I care, if I can only get to Holy Communion. When I've a chance to receive—food, drink, sleep, distance to walk, these things mean nothing to me. And," he continued speaking rapidly, straight from the heart, "I'm desperate now, Father. I want to make my Duty for Easter, even though I'm late.

"You got no idea how I miss Communion out on the ships at sea. The spirit on some is terrible. Some guys do nothing but ridicule religion and try to argue. Not all, just some. Instead of working together, they are always blaming somebody for something and they make life like hell.

"I've had a rough time of it these past few months. In a foreign port where we docked, I went to a priest for confession. He was very kind but he didn't understand me; I didn't know what he was saying either. Lonesome, I returned to the ship without receiving

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Communion.

"We were then in a Texas port for only a day and a night but I was on watch most of the time. In a Florida port the same thing happened. Now, we're here in New Orleans a little over a day and a night and me on watch again! You see now why I was glad to see you on the ship this afternoon when you were talking to the Chinaman and the Hondurians in the passage-way.

"Sure," he went on . . . and then I jumped with a start. There was a noise at the front door. Braced for anything, I cupped my hands to the side of my head and peered out into the dark. It was only the carrier who had thrown the morning paper against the rectory door. I relaxed.

"There's a lot of Catholics on that ship of ours," said Gene, when I came back to the room. "Cubans, Hondurians, the Deck Engineer, the Junior Third Mate, the Austrian, the Italian and a couple of others. Somehow, though, Father, when you get to sea you get preoccupied with many things and can easily drift away. Then too, some of the fellows don't know too much about their religion. They're good fellows, all the same. Take for example the Mate. That man actually has no use, it seems, for anybody but himself, but he's not too bad."

Oh yes, the Chief! I recalled my interesting meeting with this attractive sour apple! He was quite a violent exception to the general rule. When I had come on board the afternoon before, he sent word down the line that he had no use for me or what I represented. He was positive anyway.

Since he really had expressed some definite feelings towards me, I took a liking to him and, since I failed to rise to the occasion with a sermon, he was

friendly. He said that he had no religion. On the surface he was a nice fellow, but miserable as the devil inside. Came right out with a public recital of his misdeeds saying that sometimes he even thought he felt the heat of hell getting close. It was too bad that real sorrow could not have replaced his disgust and remorse with himself. We got along fine. I know this kind of man. He would have given me the shirt off his back if I had need of it. I told him that I would not put the needle into him at all but that if the time ever came when he would wish to have the likes of me around, never to hesitate to call on me or any other padre. I mentioned also that even if he had no use for me there might be some other seamen on the ship who would like to see a priest.

It was five minutes after my conversation with the mate when my arm was pulled aside for attention by the young seaman now sitting in front of me at the rectory parlor at two o'clock in the morning.

"My own mother is a good Catholic," Gene went on. "She has been begging me to make by Easter Duty. At home I have two brothers and three sisters; a cousin in the convent. As for me, well, I say at least one rosary every day, sometimes two." With that he had opened his wallet and was showing me pictures of his loved ones at home.

"That was your rosary I saw hanging above your bunk, then, just opposite the unholy picture on the bulkhead," I suggested. Later I could have bit my tongue for even commenting on the objectionable print.

"Yes, Father. I find a number of things I don't like in the merchant marine. I think I'll get out of it after this trip. You've got to remember that you have other kinds of fellows in your quarters and often you just can't say a

word."

"Don't leave the ships because some things are rotten," I pleaded. "Stay in there, Gene, and fight by your character and example for the better things. No good Irishman runs away from a fight. You'll have to fight wherever you are to keep straight."

He laughed as he continued. "Maybe you're right. I have decided to go ahead for a while because one of the engineers encourages me. And I'm Irish, although I have been taken for Jewish, French, Italian and other nationalities."

Gene thrilled to talking of things that were dear to him as long as there was a kind ear to listen here in the rectory parlor at two o'clock in the morning.

While my ears were taking in his conversation, my mind, however, was down on the wharf adjoining Gene's ship. All night long they were loading powdered milk for the hungry children of Europe. You could get those seamen on Gene's ship together, I mused. Of course, it would take time. That's always the rub. The parish priest complains because people move from house to house, in and out of the parish, and so he finds it difficult to know all of his flock. Here is a ship with fifty men, in port a little over twenty-four hours. A Port Chaplain must try to tend a flock where even the houses move with the inhabitants, and all against the flight of time.

They say we have peace. Tonight it's like war on the wharves, rushing to get the ship loaded for sailing this very morning. You'd need time to explain. Some of the sailors might think I had come for a meal or a cup of coffee. You would have to spell it all out. To stir up enthusiasm. To awaken and drive ahead the spirit of sacrifice. Perhaps the Chinese sailor would be the warmth of the crowd.

"I wish you would write to my mother," said Gene, as he looked up from his wallet to which he was returning the family pictures. "She would be very happy to hear from you."

"Of course, I will, Gene," I answered. "And I want to get a card from you too when you get to Europe. I'd like to keep in touch with you." I spoke sincerely when I said that, but my head involuntarily began almost to nod a negative from side to side. How many a heart-warming rendezvous I have already had with many a seaman with whom I have exchanged confidences, lads I met once! It's the way with all Port Chaplains. You talk heart-to-heart on tremendous things and you never see some of the men again in this life!

Gene must have thought I was dreaming, as I continued thinking while appearing to be listening as he talked of things in his own parish. Besides this ship of Gene's, I know there are sixty ocean-going vessels in the harbor. There are approximately fifty men aboard each one. Several hundred more are hungrily searching for jobs at the union halls on the beach. We have about a hundred or so at our Catholic Maritime Club, a fine little service center and residence for seamen temporarily in port. Among all the seafarers there is an amazing number from the household of the Faith. Best-hearted men in all the world, they, as well as we, cannot get along without the grace of God. Some are saints and some are sinners. Most are just in between.

My mind swung back to the merchant seaman sitting at the table opposite me in the rectory at two o'clock in the morning. This fine lad wanted to receive Holy Communion. What, I thought, of the other men and boys and also the stewardesses, nurses, and other women workers who sail? No doubt many are

like Gene. Just give them a chance. But, do they know that if they bestir themselves when in any port they can all receive Holy Communion? Do they care? Do they realize that if they themselves do not take on their own spiritual stores, nobody else is going to do it for them? Do they get chance and opportunity enough? I wondered, do they really know the Thing that is missing when life is out of gear?

"My mother wanted me to go to college," said Gene. "I wanted to see the world. I couldn't wait for college. I joined the merchant marine during the war."

As he talked, I smiled like a willing listener, but I didn't see Gene in front of me. I saw in my imagination, Yip, the Chinese sailor, whom I had met yesterday afternoon on the ship. What pride and joy smiled through pearly teeth as this representative of the East, Yip, the able-bodied sailor and American citizen, kissed the crucifix on the rosary I gave him and shot forth in a sweet, fast-moving melody of cheerful sing-song: "Me Catholic, Shanghai!" He bowed and kissed the crucifix reverently and sang again, "Yeh, me father Catholic, Shanghai! Me father's father, he Catholic too, Shanghai!"

Let nobody on that ship identify Yip with the vicious Communist literature lying on the floor of the mess in the corner. He seemed like St. Paul, squaring himself away before the Roman official at Jerusalem: "I am a citizen of no mean city." (Acts 21:39) Who was it who said that East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet? Come, Kipling! Meet Yip, the Chinese sailor, the Greek, and all the other seamen of the world. Meet the faith of a sailor. All nationalities can work together, blended together as a team by the sea and a ship. There is

a far deeper One-ness in that One Whom the winds and the sea obeyed.

The chimes in St. Mary's tower struck two thirty. Reluctantly, I knew that Gene and I could not sit and talk all night. And then after all, he really had not come to talk. A sailor just gets lonesome once in a while and likes to visit with somebody other than those with whom he lives on the ship for twenty-four hours a day.

"Recite some prayers, Gene" I said, "because it's time for Communion." I decided to lead him into the community chapel of our rectory on the third floor. The hinges on the inner door squeaked. The steps creaked, every move I made seemed a lot of noise that might wake the house. Quietly I prepared the altar and lit the candles. Gene knelt there at the altar and received Holy Communion.

After he said a few prayers, we tiptoed down the wooden staircase to the parlor near the front door. Gene was so happy that he wanted to continue talking and visiting. But that bare cold parlor where we had been sitting a few moments before now seemed to take on a sudden warmth. And that was what hit me. Couldn't help it. I'm not soft. I know more than I tell of the world of ships. I just seemed to fill up inside with a strange feeling and got watery around the eyes. After all, this kid was no hero in coming for Holy Communion in the still small hours of the morning. I did no more than I was supposed to do in serving him—just like any other priest.

It didn't seem right to talk. "Come, Gene," I said, "let's get something done." I then hit the floor, went down on my knees, and the kid knelt beside me. "Soul of Christ, sanctify me; Body of Christ, save me. . . . Oh good and gentle Jesus, prostrate before Thy image, I

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beg of Thee to instill into my heart lively sentiments of faith, hope and charity, sorrow for my sins, a firm purpose of amendment . . . Our Father . . . Hail Mary . . . Glory be to the Father . . ."

After a brief thanksgiving, we tried to continue our conversation. I thought I would take advantage of this opportunity to tell Gene about the worldwide Apostleship of the Sea with chaplains and seamen's clubs in all chief ports of the world. I wanted to tell him about our fine lay people who sponsor these Clubs and who help in them. I wanted to enroll his cooperation. I would tell him about our zealous bishops and archbishops and even the Holy Father himself, all concerned about the moral, spiritual and social welfare of sailors. I was determined to drive home the point that the fight for better conditions all around, spiritually, as well as of any other kind, was in the hands of the seamen themselves. I began to talk, but somehow it sounded flat and hollow. What we said after Holy Communion did not matter. It wasn't much.

I telephoned for a cab. A driver pulled up at the rectory door. Gene stepped in. A warm handshake and the cab whisked, like a rocket with two bright eyes in back, off in the dawn to a waiting ship.

I turned reflecting towards the house. Another priest will try to catch this vessel of Gene's in London, another in the next port, another in the next. It

all filled me up inside with a precious peace and a restlessness as deep and far-reaching as the sea. Something really tremendous came home to me. It was the revelation of the Great Secret. It is true that we could make good use of radio, teletype and maybe radar, or something like the latter; we could use a few printing presses; a few trainloads of books and pamphlets would help the Apostleship of the Sea, but it's the *team* that does the trick: nothing will take the place of ourselves and Christ in us, seamen and us.

We are still talking the same old weary talk. "The seamen and the priest must get closer together." And still we are all just standing too far apart. The priest must go down on the ships where the seamen are and the seamen must do a better job of coming up to the holy temple where the priest often is because he cannot get away.

Christ moves by His grace down on the docks and on the sea that He loved so well. Dear Master, I ought to know that every once in a while You just step in and take over in a way that teaches a lesson. Forgive me for beefing! If it can be done, please help me stay by the ships for the sake of the men who man them. They are all most dear to the Sacred Heart.

With such fruitful thoughts were the doors secured, the lights turned off, the rectory again in darkness, and a little rest sought for another day.



Backgrounds

The figures recently published by St. Louis University after a period of research will help to explain why Catholics in public life seem so often to be guided by other than Catholic principles. The researchers examined the sources of degrees of a large number of Catholic laymen and laywomen who are prominent in public life, and found that 43 percent received their degrees from Catholic colleges and universities, and 57 percent from non-Catholic institutions.



Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

On Repugnance to Being Waited On

One of the unpleasant features of serious illness for most people is the necessity of submitting to the ministrations of others in regard to all their bodily needs. One does not have to be squeamish about modesty to feel a great repugnance toward having to be waited on hand and foot, assisted in dressing, bathing, eating, etc. Sometimes there is even a tendency, on the part of the sick, to evade the assistance of others by doing things for themselves that seriously endanger their recovery, and that are contrary to the obedience that should be given to the physician. Neither false modesty nor proud self-sufficiency should induce a sick person to complicate his illness by disobeying orders.

The patron of the sick, in this respect, should always be the Infant Jesus. The perfectly self-sufficient and all-powerful God became a baby and submitted to all the ministrations that babies require, just to inculcate the humility that is so important when one is ill. No mere human being should deem it beneath his dignity or a wound to his pride to have to submit to the care of others, if the Son of God deliberately chose this same form of complete dependence.

Moreover the care needed by the sick and offered by nurses and their families and friends affords great opportunities for supernatural merit to the latter. Even when one lies helpless and prone in bed, it should be remembered that God's providence makes of him a means of the noblest corporal work of mercy to others. Just as Christ exalted those whom He permitted to serve Him, so the sick are the means of exaltation for those who perform menial services in their behalf.

Freight Ship

Portrait of a ship at sea, and of the characters for whom it is more than a home.

E. J. Kane

IN THE middle of the blue Pacific, a freight ship rocks and rolls on its way toward Guam. There is not a great deal to distinguish it from the many other Liberty ships that were launched in 1944. In length it is about four hundred feet. Its freight capacity is almost ten thousand tons. The paint on the outside is much battered. Long tears of rust have stained its cheeks. It is patched here and there with splashes of red lead,—purple patches on a background of black and gray paint, dirt, grease and fish oil. Standing up strange and out of place atop that jumble of colors, a beau brummel among stevedores, the ship's one smoke stack boasts a new coat of tan with a broad stripe of blue. As if ashamed of its condition, a deep blush of red lead is beginning to spread over the ship, beginning from the captain's bridge, as chipping hammers remove old paint and rust and prepare for a new coat. Like the brothers of Joseph, the deck hands seem to be removing the coat of many colors and dipping it in blood.

Twelve long arms,—the ship's loading gear reach into the sky above the holds, giving the ship the appearance of a gigantic water spider grasping for prey. The greasy green canvas of the hold-covers, barred with flat, white bands of steel, give the great spider a striped vest. Lying safely cradled in the web of rope and steel, the life boats imitate the mother's lack of beauty, nor have they yet acquired her protective coloring. Dwarfing the life boats in bulk, outstripping them in color, four

steel tugs, each weighing thirty tons, have also been enclosed in a web of chain. They look like so many Gullivers, giants bound with many threads. A part of the cargo, they form no regular feature of the ship. A midship house, three decks high and topped by the captain's bridge, a deck cargo of barrels, an after deck house wearing spare ventilator tops for trimming, these complete the external picture of the vessel.

Three decks below the midship house, an oil burning engine furnishes the power for the ship. This great engine sucks up one hundred and ninety barrels a day as they turn the propellor, to to be more nautically accurate, the wheel. The soul of the ship motion is this sixteen-foot bronze wheel. It is this which pushes the ship forward at about eleven knots an hour. If weather, wind and cargo are favorable, three hundred miles a day can be covered.

Despite the many interesting and intriguing machines, places and processes to be observed on the freight ship, the ship itself is probably the least interesting. The human beings who make a temporary residence within her round-eyed cabins are a more attractive lot for observers of human nature. The crew is probably not much different from the normal run of freighter crews. This, of course, does not detract from the possibilities of interest. The captain—probably the sea is full of his kind, but none could be quite the same. Then too, the ship is carrying its very first passengers: four Catholic priests on their way to a mission in some obscure

foreign town. This adds new opportunities for study in the field of human relations. Priests are not usually associated with freight ships, nor freighter crews with priests.

Right from the start, the missionaries posed several problems for the authorities on the ship, especially when they turned up with a five-ton truck loaded with "personal baggage". It seems they knew a trick to beat freight charges. "If that were four women I could understand it," said the Captain, getting off a highly original quip.

The captain had another thing on his mind. He wanted it decided immediately. Apparently he was expecting these reverend gentlemen to go about busily proselytizing, talking to his men on duty and distracting them from the all-important business of running the ship. Summoning the authority he delights to exercise ("I won't have anybody telling me how to run my ship"), he rendered his decision. In a patronizing but affectedly pleasant voice, he said: "Gentlemen, you have the run of the ship, but I don't want you up on the bridge talking to my men on watch. You can come up when I'm there and I'll explain everything to you, but don't talk to my men on watch." After delivering the imperial edict, he departed. He had protected them from their own indiscretion, his duty was well done, and he was satisfied.

The captain is not a very large man physically. He is about five feet, eight inches tall. A head of nice white hair, just a little thin in front, a cherubic complexion that belies the wiry beard he claims, a neat white mustache and blue eyes make him an ideal picture of a passenger ship captain. The missionaries doubt if the captain is a very large man spiritually. He holds forth at length upon the many duties, re-

sponsibilities and obligations that lie upon him, but more as a means of exalting himself than from any spiritual foundation for the idea of duty. He is a great man in one man's eyes. "So I said to the Sultan of Sarawak: 'I'm sorry I can't become Admiral of your fleet, Sultan, but I have certain obligations, etc.' " All the kings, duchesses, maharajas, sultans, generals and admirals with whom he had been associated were grateful for his advice and bestowed many favors upon him. He has a fund of humility, though, for he once told the purser: "Oh, I'm not always right."

Another heavy problem weighing down the conscience of this benevolent dictator was the supply of wine the missionaries brought along. Seamen are not notoriously temperate and the captain was going to be absolutely sure that all hands turned to in fit condition to work. He had good reason to fear they might not if the wine was available. One seaman had reported for duty in a tipsy state and had tipped himself down a hatch, breaking a shoulder and a head in the process. The captain felt obliged, too, to fear the indiscreet kindness of the missionaries. Highly contemptuous of the condition of some of the crew, he paraded to the missionaries' quarters, tailed by the steward, whose odor spoke of distilled garbage. "The wine," he said, "is safely stowed, and I must forbid your giving any of it to any of my crew." Then he summed up his philosophy of sailing, the fruit of many years of experience. "Gentlemen, I run a tight ship, a tight ship." The missionaries took a different meaning from his words and agreed with him. The steward soberly bolstered the captain's prohibition with immortal words: "No, sir, I don't want any of that in my department."

The steward, a tall, quiet man with sad, moist-looking eyes and horn-rimmed glasses, sobered up somewhat only at sea. While he was in a less stable condition, the missionaries presented a problem to him, too. Slipping up to one of them, like a spy passing the secret documents, he asked: "Say, are you going to make everyone on board go to your services? You see, we merchant seamen don't look at it that way." In just what way merchant seamen did not look at what, he did not bother to explain. Asked if he were a Catholic, he gave a dramatic answer by tapping a Masonic ring. Assured of his freedom of conscience, he undoubtedly drank an extra toast to the land of the free. He showed several other sides of his character a little later. He was slobberingly solicitous for the comfort of the missionaries. He almost wept at the thought of men of their dignity being "forced by the authorities to travel in such accommodations." In order to soften the hardships of the priests, he had a fresh carnation by their plates the first meal at sea. When thanked by a missionary, he tucked his head down and mumbled appreciatively, with an "aw gosh!" expression on his face. He had a sterner side, too. In a moment of irritation, he felt need of expressing himself in more than ordinarily forceful words. Since he was in the presence of a missionary, he felt he should justify his action: "I'm a swearing man, Father,"—and then: "Hell."

To most of the crew, the missionaries were not much of a worry. Their daily round of work, evening card games, and conversation, filled their lives and minds. A favorite occupation of theirs consisted in studying their "contract" to see what further advantages in the way of extra pay, shorter hours and better conditions they could draw out of it.

They were justly proud of the concessions they had wrung from the company owners. They spoke especially of the provision that gave them time out for Chase and Sanborn's Steamship Coffee at ten-fifteen and three. The deck engineer spoke lyrically of his \$57.50 mattress. "It's in the contract," he loved to repeat.

The only inconvenience brought to the crew by the missionaries was a slight cramping of their conversational style. The missionaries noted that their conversation was frequently interspersed with one slang expression denoting an action forbidden by the sixth commandment. Used as noun, adjective, verb, adverb, participle or interjection, for cursing or praising, it was applied indiscriminately to the living or dead, the animate or inanimate, to cooks or ropes, mothers-in-law or anchors. The incongruity hardly occurred to them, though they frequently refrained from its use or corrected slips of the tongue in the presence of the priests.

"What is the ultimate destiny of a cockroach, Father, did you ever think of that?" was the question with which the deck engineer greeted a missionary one day. Bill "the deck" had several questions like that on his mind. The seriousness of them never seemed to dull the happy expression on his sunny southern countenance. He kept chewing his gum without ever seeming to close his teeth on it. His happy-go-lucky mind would leave the poor insect with fate undecided and plunge from there into a discussion of the world's social evils. "They might make precedents, Father, but they'll get back at them. These cliques may press them down, but they'll revolt. They'll be rigorous in their revolt." The missionaries could never quite figure out who "they" were nor what the "cliques" had ever done

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to Bill. Bill could hold forth on metaphysical and mystical phenomena, too. "You know, Father, if something spoke to most people, they'd drop dead, they'd be so scared. I'm not afraid. Those forces and energies talk to me." Or again: "The Egyptians had that levitation down to a science. They could lift those things just by mind power." He had his views on the after-life, too: "I'm not afraid of death. The devil won't get old Bill. I'll outsmart him. It might take three trillion years but I'll do it." "I'm not like other people; I don't want to be like other people; I'm glad I'm not like other people,"

Bill confided to a missionary one day, "but what good does my great intelligence do me? I might as well be a goon buzzard. I wish I were a goon buzzard." At times the missionaries inclined to the opinion that Bill was nearly in possession of his wish.

As the ship pulled into Guam, the missionaries went ashore searching for a Latin grammar for a prospective priest among the engine room crew, literature for a prospective convert and an effective refutation for an absolute atheist whose favorite democrat was Uncle Joe.

A freight ship is an interesting place.



Martyr's Legacy

St. Thomas More composed the following beautiful prayer shortly before his execution while he was a prisoner in the Tower of London:

Give me grace, O Lord:—
To set the world at naught.
To set my mind fast upon Thee.
To be content to be solitary.
Little by little utterly to cast off the world.
And rid my mind of all the business thereof.
Not to long to hear of any worldly things.
To humble and meek myself under the mighty hand of God;
To bewail my sins past.
Gladly to bear my Purgatory here;
To bear the Cross with Christ;
To have ever before mine eye my death that is ever at hand.
To pray for pardon before the Judge come.
Of worldly substance, friends, liberty, life
And all, to set the loss at right naught for the winning of Christ.



Founder's Prayer

Worthy of repetition is the following prayer, composed by George Washington during the time that he was first President of our country:

"Almighty God: We make our earnest prayer that Thou wilt keep the United States in Thy holy protection; that Thou wilt incline the hearts of the citizens to cultivate a spirit of subordination and obedience to government; and entertain a brotherly affection and love for one another and for their fellow citizens of the United States at large. And finally that Thou wilt most graciously be pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humility, and pacific temper of mind which were the characteristics of the divine Author of our blessed religion, and without a humble imitation of Whose example in these things we can never hope to be a happy nation. Grant our supplication, we beseech Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

The Master of Men

The power the Saviour exercised over men, foreshadowing the power
He will manifest when he comes to judge the world.

R. J. Miller

OUR LORD'S miracles reveal Him also as the mighty Master of men.

Take His driving out the buyers and sellers from the temple. St. Thomas Aquinas quotes St. Jerome as saying that this was a greater miracle than all His others.

Usually, it is true, we hardly think of it as a miracle at all. But a little reflection and effort at reconstructing the story from the facts given by the Evangelists is sufficient to make it stand out for what it was: a miracle in a class by itself; a unique exercise of divine power on the part of the Human Being.

As a matter of fact, there are two instances of this "unique" miracle in the Holy Gospel. He drove the buyers and sellers out of the temple twice; once very early in His public life; and again, almost at its close, on Palm Sunday. One might say that He began and ended the activities of His public life in the temple of Jerusalem driving money changers out of the temple.

But the circumstances of both incidents are very similar. They reveal Our Lord in a new and startling role—the angry Human Being, on fire with indignation for His Father's honor; the giant sweeping all before Him; irresistible, defiant, uncompromising, unafraid of precedent or consequences, and mysteriously reading and challenging the malice in His enemies' hearts.

St. John very tersely gives the essential details of the first incident:

He found in the temple merchants selling oxen and sheep and doves; and money

changers sitting at their places.

So He made a kind of whip out of cords, and

He drove them all out of the temple, with their sheep and oxen;

And He spilled out the money-changers' coins;

And He threw down their tables;

And He said to the pigeon-sellers: Take these things away;

And do not make My Father's house a public market.

Picture the scene.

The forepart of the temple, as the Human Being entered, was a milling throng of men and beasts: cattle dealers and their stock, oxen and sheep; pigeon-sellers and their stacks of cages of birds; all tethered, tied, stalled or stabled within the sacred precincts of the temple. All this was for the convenience of the pilgrims coming up to the feast of the Pasch, to be sure; they would need such animals to fulfill their obligation of offering sacrifice in the temple. But it was also a sacrilegious abuse of the holy place to have the animals not in some stockyard, but actually within the walls of God's house—bleating, bellowing, disturbing the worshippers, soiling the premises; to say nothing of the rough goings and comings, the shoutings and shovings and haulings of their keepers and stable boys.

Moreover, in another corner there were the money changers seated at their tables, with their little boxes of coins stacked up neatly before them. This too was for the convenience of the pilgrims, who came from all parts of the then known world, with all kinds of monies from their various countries, which they

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would have to change to Jewish currency for their necessary uses while in the holy city. But surely the money-changers could and should have found a more fitting place for these necessary transactions—some banking house, some market place or store, any second hand shop or made-over boarding house—rather than the glorious temple of Jehovah.

Such was the reaction of the Human Being when He beheld the dirt and confusion, and heard the clamor of business-bargaining in His Father's house.

Instantly, to the amazement of His Apostles, He became a completely new man. Gone were His calmness and meekness, His usual dignified decorum. In their place, a holy wrath, a consuming, driving, compelling forcefulness took possession of Him. He became a very whirlwind of activity, forgetful of His own dignity, to sweep out the abuses that outraged the dignity of His Father's house. St. John says, almost with boyish wonder:

His disciples remembered that it was written: *The zeal of Thy house hath eaten Me up.*

No meek waiting on the initiative of others was here; no gentle tolerance of evil; no respectful, humble acceptance of the doings of the powers that be; but the Human Being, in the fullness of His masterful personality, the Only-Begotten Son of the Father, angrily, intolerantly, mightily determined on asserting God's rights, the honor of His Father's house.

Off to one corner He flew, and seized a handful of little ropes lying there—part of the harness, no doubt, of some of the cattle; then came charging down upon the cattlemen and stable boys, and their oxen and sheep. Down across

their shoulders came the scourge He held in his hand, and across the backs of their animals. "Get out! Get out! Out of My Father's house! Out with you!"

What a scene! the outraged yells of the cattle vendors, the bellowing of the oxen, the bleating of the sheep, the confusion, the tramping and trampling and shoving and running; and rising above it all, the angry, irresistible commanding tones of the Human Being, not resting until they were all thrown out at the gate of the temple!

With the doves and their vendors He was more gentle; He only said:

Take these things away!

but His very gentleness in the midst of His terrible anger only shows Him the more fearfully as the mighty Master of men—and of Himself. He was fully able not to be angry; and if He allowed His terrible wrath to appear it must have been because it was perfectly justified by the circumstances.

But He was not finished when the last of the cattle and their keepers had been driven out before Him. The money changers meanwhile had been watching, gaping open-mouthed, crouched over their tables. Now He came charging back at them. Seizing the money boxes on the tables, He spilled and scattered their contents to right and left, and the coins clanged noisily on the marble floor, and went rolling off in every direction. Then up and over with the tables, and down He hurled them with a crash, one after the other, on the pavement. How the money changers must have yelled and wailed and cursed and called for help, as they cowered back and stood helplessly by to see their precious hoards thus ruthlessly manhandled!

Stood helplessly by—yes, that is the

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wonder and the miracle of it all. Why did they put up with it? Why did they not call the temple police? Where were the temple police? Why was the Human Being not arrested then and there, and sentenced to an appropriate punishment for this violation of the temple, this disturbing of the peace, this damage done to the property and persons of decent Jewish merchants and businessmen?

That indeed is the miracle. For He was not arrested; no one laid a hand on Him; He went scot free.

In fact, it was the Jews themselves who acted like the guilty parties; like schoolboys found out and punished for misbehavior. Even the leaders of the people, the Scribes and Pharisees, could only venture to ask a feeble question:

What sign do You have to show, as a warrant for what You have done?

It was a feeble question; they could not venture to do more externally just then. But it masked a malicious hatred in their hearts, the beginnings of their long campaign to murder, to destroy, this upstart prophet from the back country of Galilee. And the Human Being read their hearts; His reply was a divine challenge to the murder He saw lurking there.

They had asked for a sign—as if a “sign” were needed! The temple had been rocked, and the whole city was astir with the overwhelming evidence of the “sign” He had just given—and they asked for a sign!

But they were not really asking for proofs of His power and majesty; they admitted implicitly that He was more than an ordinary human being in the very fact that they asked for His divine credentials. If He was only another Jew, why ask at all? No; what was in their hearts was no receptive will-

ingness to accept His credentials, but obstinate pride, wilful blindness, a determination never to accept this Human Being, whatever His credentials, but to destroy Him from the face of the earth.

It was to this blind pride, this murderous spirit to destroy Him, that the Human Being directed His mysterious, defiant, challenging reply:

Destroy this temple, and in three days I will raise it up!

“Work your will in Me; destroy this temple of My body; then you will have your sign! In three days I Myself, of My own power, will raise it from the dead!”

Such was the miracle of mastery and insight by which the Human Being signalized the first Pasch of His public life in Jerusalem. But at the end of His life, besides the second wonder of driving out the buyers and sellers on Palm Sunday, when He said:

It is written: My house shall be called a house of prayer;

But you have made it a den of thieves!

and other miracles that marked the last few days before His death, there is one that throws its own new light on the towering might of His personality and His power over men.

I know that power is gone out from Me,

He had said on one occasion when the power went out to cure a poor woman afflicted with a long-standing ailment. But on this occasion the power went out from Him in a far different way.

The scene this time is the gate of the Garden of Gethsemani; and the miracle is the prostration of His enemies by a single word from the Human Being.

St. Augustine liked this miracle for

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the magnificent way in which it revealed Christ's power over men. "All He said was: 'I am He', and down the scoundrels went. What will He do when He comes to judge, if He did this when He was going to be judged? What will be His power when He comes to reign, if it was this when He was going to die?"

His three hours' agony had just been completed, and He had called earnestly to His sleepy Apostles:

Get up! Let us go!
Look! The one to betray Me is right here!

and they had huddled round Him in the gateway, at first still sleepy, but soon wide awake and filled with fear at what they saw advancing up the hillside and close upon them.

In the lead, a few well dressed Scribes and Pharisees; but close behind them, a motley crowd of temple soldiers and nondescript Jerusalem night characters were climbing towards the Garden, the soldiers armed with spears and drawn swords, the hangers-on with sticks and clubs; their grim faces showing distortedly and fearfully to the Apostles by the glare of the lanterns some of the crowd were carrying in their hands. and under the fitful blaze of the torches others held above their heads.

They were very close even while Our Lord was calling the Apostles together, and in a few minutes the two groups stood face to face. But then there was uncertainty on both sides. The Apostles were surprised, upset, frightened; the crowd hesitant, waiting for orders, looking to Judas Iscariot for the agreed sign—the traitor's kiss. The only completely self-possessed person on either side was the Human Being.

And now followed the matchless scene

of effortless personal power.

So Jesus, knowing everything that was going to happen to Him stepped forward, and said:

For whom are you looking?

"Knowing everything that was going to happen to Him"—what a world of poignant meaning there is in St. John's simple phrase! Knowing to the last bloody detail all that lay before Him that night and the next day, with perfect self-control He "stepped forward" to meet it all:

For whom are you looking?

They answered Him: Jesus of Nazareth.

Jesus said to them: I am He.

And as soon as He said: I am He, they fell back and dropped to the ground.

This is the unparalleled scene of power. The Human Being spoke; He said a word or two; His name was called, and He identified Himself.

At once, as though an intolerably brilliant, blinding flash of light had burst up where He stood; as though their faces had been seared by a blazing flame, His enemies fell back, shrinking, falling, crawling, dropping to earth as from the threat of fiery death.

But there was nothing there. No light, no blaze of fire, no threat of death—nothing. A Man had answered to His name—that was all.

Surely here is a subject worthy of the genius of the most gifted poet, artist, sculptor; indeed, the whole range even of imaginative fiction and heroic legend contains no scene, no incident, to rival this literal historical passage so simply related by the Evangelist. We need not go to romantic poetry to find drama and power; alongside this reality, the imaginings of the poets become only cheap and tawdry imitations.

But after this extraordinary display of power, the mysterious thing is that

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He did not go free! Mysteriously, He let his enemies rise; He suffered the traitor's kiss; He allowed His hands to be bound, and Himself to be led away to all the victimizing of His terrible Passion.

It is a mystery, indeed; but it is another mystery of divine power as well as of compassion. The power that

could lay His enemies low with a single word is terrible and wonderful to see; but still more terrible and wonderful is the power and the mercy by which God Almighty allows His foes to lay their sacrilegious hands upon Him, and when they spit in His face and nail Him to a criminal's cross, be silent.



Seeds of Christianity

The *A. P. I. Bulletin*, organ of the Archconfraternity of Prayer for the Conversion of Israel, is the source of the following little account of an heroic family caught in the persecution by the Nazis.

Professor Lutz Lob and Jenny Van Gelder, although Jewish at the time of their marriage, later entered the Catholic church at Bergen-op-Zoom, Holland. God blessed this pious Hebrew-Christian family with seven children, four boys and three girls. Three of the sons joined the Trappists at Konigshoeven Abbey, and the three girls entered the Trappistine Monastery at Berkel-Enschot. Professor Lob died in 1936, and his wife shortly after; then began a saga of martyrdom for all their children. In August, 1942, two of the nuns and one of the Trappist brothers were put to death in a gas chamber at Auschwitz. The other two Trappists were deported to the zinc mines in Poland and finally shot with several other priests. Hans, the only son who had not entered the religious state, was deported to Silesia and later died at Buchenwald. The third nun, Sister Veronica, ended her Calvary in the hospital of Tilburg on August first, 1944.



Testament

Lord
I believe
Help Thou
Mine unbelief
Philosophical argument especially that drawn from the vastness of the universe in comparison with the apparent insignificance of this globe has sometimes shaken my reason for the faith that's in me, but my heart has answered that the Gospel of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enters into the very depth of my conscience. The history of man proves it.

—Epitaph of Daniel Webster



Side Glances

By the Bystander

It is quite some time since *Life* published an analysis of the Protestant Revolution, its columns of solemn type flanked by advertisements for bras, swimming suits and perfume, featuring near nudes and worse than nudes to catch the eye. The juxtaposition seems striking in that *Life* presented the article as one in a series on the history of western culture, not realizing that the advertisements that largely paid for its printing were as symbolic of a decadent culture as its essay was pretentious and bombastic. Though many writers have long since commented on the inaccuracies, half-truths and actual misstatements of the article itself, the bystander feels an obligation to report on it for the faithful few or many who read this column, and who may have seen, and possibly been disturbed by, *Life's* paean for Protestantism.

The most amazing thing about this journalistic foray into the field of comparative religion is the fact that not once, in the entire article, is a serious reference made to the founder of Christianity and the light that could illumine the Catholic-Protestant controversy from his words and teachings. To *Life*, and this is the most damning thing that can be said of its essay, the battle between Catholicism and Protestantism was a battle of human feelings, and the side to be favored is that which *Life* thinks has brought the greater material prosperity into the world. . . . "The issue," says *Life*, "was a difference in religious viewpoint, and perhaps quality of soul, between those (the orthodox Catholics) who in worshipping felt the need for a 'machinery of mediation',—priesthood, sacraments, ritual—between the soul of man and God, and those (the Protestants) who in worshipping preferred to leave the soul face to face with God." While these were the lines on which men actually divided, no commentary on the struggle can consider itself intelligent unless it makes reference to the master copy of Christianity as drawn up by its founder, Jesus Christ. It doesn't matter in the least that a group of men "feel the need for a machinery of mediation"; it does matter intensely whether Christ set up in the

world "a machinery" (better, a regimen) of mediation for mankind or not. It is not important that any number of men feel that they prefer "to leave the soul face to face with God"; it is eternally important to know what Christ established as the means of bringing the soul face to face with God. That *Life* could glibly discuss the differences of feeling of various men concerning the sacraments, good works, the priesthood, etc., without once hinting that Christ had anything to do with the truth and value of these things makes its viewpoints on religion nearly ridiculous.

Besides this basic weakness, the article in *Life* makes use of positive misrepresentations. No doubt many readers were amazed and even disturbed to read that one of the secrets of the success of the Jesuits was their insistence on "the principle that the end justifies the means." Catholics are accustomed to meeting with this vicious canard in the writings and speeches of ignorant, blindly prejudiced, Catholic-hating ranters and rascals; to find righteous and usually scholarly *Life* adopting and spreading it is cause for the deepest sadness. In answer to a critic who calls the editor to task for the above statement, *Life*, in the letter columns of its issue of July 5, provided the single source on which it based the charge that Jesuits' *insistence* on the principle that the end justifies the means was a secret of their success. It is a quotation from a theological work by Hermann Busembaum, S.J., who lived from 1600 to 1668.

Without fear that we are wrong we, who have perused a couple of hundred theology textbooks in our time, can say that scores of Jesuit theological works are readily available to prove to *Life* that Jesuits not only never *insisted* on "the end justifying the means", but in concert with all other Catholic theologians, insisted always that a good end does not justify intrinsically evil means. As to the quotation from Busembaum, we have looked up its context, and only a dishonest man could draw from the whole passage any such conclusion as *Life* gave to its millions of readers. As a matter of fact, Busembaum

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stated, in another place in his theology, the exact opposite in these words: "A law forbidding a thing that is intrinsically evil can never be transgressed, not even to save one's life." In the passage quoted by *Life*, Busembaum is dealing with the specific question of whether an accused man, even though guilty, may lawfully try to escape prison and punishment from the law. He answers that such a man, for various reasons, may try to escape, but says plainly that he may not use *unjust* or *evil* means to do so, such as striking or wounding his guards. He then lists a number of indifferent (not evil) means that the man may make use of to effect his escape, e.g., giving food and drink to his guards, snapping his chains, breaking through his bars, etc., because "the end being lawful the means are also lawful." There is not even room for argument over the fact that, from the context, it is clear that Busembaum, having excluded evil means to a lawful end by name and example, is now saying that other means, not evil in themselves such as he has described, become lawful for the prisoner because his end is permissible. This, then, is the passage of a single 17th century Jesuit theologian on which *Life* bases its statement that the Jesuits insisted that the end justifies the means. There is dishonesty both in the use of the quotation and in the conclusion drawn from it.

That *Life* chose for the writing of its article about the rise of Protestantism a man who was steeped in the unscholarly and bigoted methods of anti-Catholic rabble-rousers is clear from many other things. It is clear from his use of the term "sale of indulgences", which is not offered merely as a Protestant interpretation of the Pope's prerogative to use the power Christ gave him to bind and loose ("Whatsoever you shall bind upon earth shall be bound also in heaven; whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven"—Matt. 16:19) in consideration of the giving of alms to a religious cause, but is attributed to the Pope himself, who is said to have given to Prince Albert of Brandenburg "the right to sell indulgences". . . . It is clear from the false statement (repeated often enough by the illiterate, but known by every honest scholar to be false) that there was no printed Bible in the German vernacular up to the time of Luther and that the Church had banned the reading of vernacular Bibles to the people. The bystander has actually seen two Catholic vernacular German Bibles published about the year

Luther was born (1483) and neither of them is a first edition. If anyone wants to check this statement he may examine these authentic, pre-Reformation German Bibles for himself; one is in the library of St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and the other is in the Redemptorist Fathers' library at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin. Any collector of rare old books can inform the interested that there are other copies of 15th century Catholic vernacular German Bibles, in libraries in this country, though the bystander has not seen them. He has seen a pre-Reformation English translation of the Bible in the Huntington library in California, on the fly leaf of which there is a statement by the Bishop of Rochester, England, which belies *Life's* charge that Catholics were forbidden to read vernacular Bibles before the rise of Protestantism. In effect, (it was quoted in *The Liguorian* some years ago) the statement affirms that this copy of the Bible belonged to all the people, and it goes on to excommunicate anyone who would dare to steal it from the church in which it was kept for the use of the people. The chains that were used to fasten Bibles to their place in the churches were there to keep them from being stolen from the people to whom they belonged. The scarcity of transcribed books demanded this precaution.

Enough has been said here, we believe, to prove the untrustworthiness of the entire analysis of the Protestant Revolution as presented by the editors of *Life*. To the innocent and gullible it has offered untruths and misrepresentations that will no doubt be responsible for the growth of that bigotry which thrives on any kind of anti-Catholic statement. To the thoughtful and sincere Christian it is clear that it has completely side-stepped the basic issue involved, and that is the issue as to whether, despite human scandals and shortcomings, such as Christ Himself prophesied would always afflict His Church, there was any such thing as objective truth, as known to reason and revealed by Christ, at stake in the historic controversy. And with peculiarly myopic vision, it has had no eye for the evil effects, on society and the world, of the subjective, emotional, individualistic and divisive teachings of the so-called reformers. We therefore beg that no regular or chance reader of this column will permit himself to retain as justified a single religious conviction on the basis of the article in *Life*.



Catholic Anecdotes

The Unbelievable

One day St. Thomas Aquinas was walking with a friend, and the latter suddenly stopped, pointed to the sky and cried:

"Look at the flying ox!"

The saint looked in the direction indicated, whereupon his companion burst out laughing as he said:

"I am surprised that such a learned man could be so credulous."

But the saint was equal to the occasion.

"I would rather believe that an ox could fly," he answered, "than that a Christian could tell a lie."

Same Logic

Many years ago there lived a certain duke in the province of Thuringia whose name was Louis. He was a proud man, and, blinded by his desire for earthly wealth and fame, paid little heed to the practice of his religion.

It so happened that this dignitary fell grievously ill, and a doctor was called, one who was noted for his deep faith and zeal for the honor of God. After making an examination, the doctor said very seriously:

"I am sorry to say that it is useless to attempt any remedy for your malady."

"Is my condition as grave as that?" asked the alarmed duke.

"Well, it comes down to this," replied the doctor. "If God has foreseen that you will die of this disease, any remedies I might apply would be useless. If, on the other hand, God has foreseen that you will get well, there is no use in my wasting any medicine."

"Don't be foolish, my friend," said the sick man. "Give me some medicine. You must do everything in your power to save me."

"Have no fears. I will help you all I can. But how is it that you follow this same specious argument in regard to your soul? Is it not necessary that you do everything within your power to restore your soul to health, and keep it in that condition?"

It is not recorded what the duke answered to this question, but certainly it must have given him considerable food for thought as he awaited death.

Actor

The *Bengalese* relates the incident of a missionary in India who became acquainted with a well-educated Hindu, and thinking that he might impress the man favorably towards the Catholic religion, showed him a book on the martyrs and their sufferings for Christianity.

The Hindu graciously accepted the book, and began to read aloud from a page selected at random. It so happened that the passage was concerned with some particularly excruciating tortures inflicted on one of the martyrs, and the Hindu, getting into the spirit of the thing, began to emit such anguished sounds and groans as seemed to indicate the profound horror which he felt.

The missionary, of course, was delighted; until suddenly the Hindu stopped, raised his eyes from the page, and asked with complete calmness:

"Father, don't I read well?"



Pointed Paragraphs

Choice of Schools

Catholic parents should feel happier than ever this fall in sending their children off to a Catholic school, because recent opposition to such schools has pointed up, more clearly than ever before, how important and necessary they are for the correct training of a child. There is nothing like a little opposition, in a matter so simple and clear as the kind of education that children need, to fortify those who are obeying the natural and revealed law of God, in the sacrifices that this happens to demand of them.

Two instances of opposition to the idea behind Catholic schools are worthy of note. First, there was the Supreme Court decision in the *McCullum* case, forbidding released time to be given to public school children for instruction in religion on public school premises. The result of this decision, whether intended by the Supreme Court or not, will be that a new impetus will be given to educators to preach anti-religion, atheism, indifferentism, materialism, to children. It will be, in effect, as if the Supreme Court said: "In American public schools a teacher may run down religion, ridicule religion, argue against religion, and, of course, totally ignore religion, thus favoring atheism in the hearts of children. But let no teacher dare to say a word in favor of religion, in explanation of religion, in promotion of religion in the hearts of children."

As one intelligent woman phrases it, in a recent letter to the *Milwaukee Journal*: "The utter hypocrisy of this

interpretation is enough to make some of us fighting mad. As any of us who was graduated from our state university knows, we had to sit through classes to hear religion and the church ridiculed, the Bible scoffed at, belief in God as the Creator not only ignored but deliberately attacked. When I attended the university I knew a student who was ridiculed in the classroom by the teacher because of his Christian beliefs. . . . After four years of this, the conclusion drawn by most students attending the university was either (a) that religion did not matter, (b) that it was unscientific and therefore untrue, or (ab) both. All this has been very fine for the Atheistic Society of America and for those who have been able to indoctrinate hundreds of thousands of American young people in tax supported schools without spending a penny of their own and without maintaining a single institution. No wonder they have money to send cases up to the supreme court! They have been indoctrinating our young people with our money! It's the biggest hoax of the century!"

The second incident that manifests the opposition to religious schools is that which recently centered about the nuns teaching, in state supported schools in North Dakota and New Mexico, in their religious garb. This peculiar situation, in which nuns, for the astounding salary of \$66 a month, have been hired by the two states to teach reading, writing and arithmetic (no religious instruction was given during official school hours) in some of their schools because

no other teachers were available and would not teach at that salary if they were, presents the anti-Catholic agitators to the American public on this platform: "Far better that American children be deprived of all education, than that they receive an education from Sisters wearing a garb that identifies them with the Catholic religion." Thus even the sacrosanct importance of universal education must be forfeited to keep children from being influenced in a religious way, even if only by seeing the habit of a consecrated virgin at the head of a class room. Catholic Church authorities showed wondrous forbearance and true American interest in education in decreeing that the Sisters may continue teaching in secular dress.

All this, we say, should add strength to the Catholic's determination to keep up his Catholic schools and colleges, and never to send his children elsewhere. As between a Catholic school and what has come to be an atheist school, he knows that there can be only one choice.

Politics

Last month we reported here that one good thing was said at the Republican convention—it was Senator Vandenberg's remark that "the office should seek the man and not the man the office". Now we note that one very good thing was also said at the Democratic convention. It was not said from the convention hall rostrum, nor over any of the floor microphones. It was said in a back room by President Truman while he waited to appear before the delegates, was said quietly to a friend, and was reported, so far as we know, only by *Time*. Concerning the delegates who bolted the convention because of the Civil Rights plank in the platform, and those who remained to fight his nomination, he said:

"They may be mad at me, but I'm not mad at them. I believe in Christ."

One does not have to be political-minded, nor interested in the partisan angle of the present political campaign, to acclaim this statement of a candidate as a great example of both faith and charity. Its effectiveness as an example is enhanced by the fact that it was not spoken publicly, as if for effect alone, but privately in spontaneous confidence to a friend. We recommend it to all candidates, Republican and Democratic, aspirants to high office as well as to low, and to both winners and losers.

Everybody knows that moral integrity is not sufficient in itself to make a good president. In making their choice, the voters must consider a thousand different things, and decide to the best of their individual knowledge who has the many qualities that will make for the best President. But we salute any man, whether we think him capable of being a good president or not, who can, in the midst of the bitterest kind of political battle, still quietly say: "I believe in Christ, and therefore I cannot hate anybody, not even those who hate me." Let's ask that this be the common affirmation of all who aspire to political office of any kind.

One Way Freedom

The Board of Superintendents of New York City's public schools has voted unanimously against renewing the subscriptions of the schools to *The Nation*, because of the two series of anti-Catholic articles by Paul Blanshard published in that magazine during the past year. (See *The Liguorian*, Feb., 1948, p. 49.)

Of course this has given rise to all kinds of charges of suppression of free speech, "star chamber" censorship, etc. Miss Kirchway of *The Nation* contended that the articles were "of legitimate

secular interest and were not an attack upon faith." We are wondering just what, in Miss Kirchway's mind, constitutes an attack upon faith. Mr. Blanshard's articles were an out-and-out invitation to 25 million Catholics to deny their faith, to suppress the Catholic priesthood, to break both the natural and ecclesiastical laws by which they know themselves to be bound in conscience. They were a deliberate attempt to convince over a hundred million non-Catholics that their Catholic fellow-citizens are undemocratic, un-American and untrustworthy. They used an ignorant man's prejudices and half-truths to support their thesis. If that is not enough to make an attack on anyone's faith, then Hitler was a paragon of democracy.

New York's Superintendent of Schools, Mr. William Jansen, who happens to be a Lutheran, hit the matter off with rare logic and good sense when he commented on the decision to keep *The Nation* out of the schools: "Since instruction in sectarian religion is forbidden by law in the public schools, how can anyone justify introducing attacks on sectarian religion in the public schools? The Board of Superintendents' primary concern with Mr. Blanshard's articles is their effect on students. Students, whatever their faith, may well wonder why articles which attack the religious beliefs of any of their classmates are made available in school."

We need more of that kind of thinking among the superintendents of state supported schools, yes, and among the regents of state colleges and universities as well. For you cannot have it both ways: You cannot suppress by law all instruction concerning religion in the public schools, and then introduce screeds of intemperate propaganda against religion into the same schools.

If freedom of speech be *The Nation's* plea, let it start by campaigning to repeal the law forbidding religious instruction in the public schools.

Free Enterprise on the Curb

The recent strike of the employees at the New York Curb Exchange brought into remarkably clear focus an attitude of mind shared by many American employers which, it seems to us, is at the root of much of our current economic unrest.

The president of the Curb Exchange is Mr. Francis Adams Truslow, and this worthy gentleman, on being interviewed by the press as to his sentiments anent the strike, made this remark with, it may be presumed, considerable acerbity:

"An employee's private life is no affair of mine. If these people don't like it here, they can go somewhere else."

The kind of private life enjoyed by the aforesaid employees may be gauged by the following figures, reported by the Chicago Catholic Labor Alliance monthly, *Work*: The starting wage for laborers at the Curb Exchange is \$25 a week; this is gradually increased until it may reach as high as \$37 a week, which was the salary earned by the Exchange night watchman, a man with a wife and four children. According to United States Department of Labor figures, *Work* goes on to say, the minimum living wage for a manual worker with wife and two children in New York is \$64.40. A minimum living wage is just about enough to get by on in decency and comfort.

Of course, anyone who dares to speak of the obligations of employers in this matter of a living wage is likely to be charged with being communistic. We are far from being communistic, but we

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dare to state that the employer who runs his business on the principle enunciated by Mr. Truslow is sinning against justice, and he will have to answer for that sin some day to a just God. If enough employers continue to follow such an unjust principle, they may even have to answer for their injustice in this life. We do not in any sense advocate revolution or riot, but, having read history, we can understand the causes which bring them about.

Catholic social teaching in this matter of an employer's responsibility is clear, and anyone who is interested can discover it merely by paging through the great social encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI. To be paid a living wage is the innate and inalienable right of every workingman; every employer has the corresponding obligation to pay such a wage or run the risk of losing his soul for his injustice.

The Non-Sectarian Goal

If press reports are to be believed, the conventions of our Baptist brethren can always be trusted to devote a major share of their discussion to two topics, the recall of Myron Taylor from the Vatican, and the question of federal aid for parochial schools. Manifestos, protests, and recriminations are showered upon the public like hail-stones, until one is led to believe that the platform of Baptist belief must rest upon these two items as upon two major pillars.

A recent convention in Milwaukee was reported as running true to form, but there was one sentence in the final resolutions which particularly struck our fancy. The delegates expressed themselves as being entirely in favor of

a universal "non-sectarian emphasis on religion in private schools."

We confess that we have always been fascinated by the word "non-sectarianism." A non-sectarian religion presumably is one which has found a common level of belief for its adherents. Nothing is taught which any single worshipper is opposed to; only those truths are accepted which any and all members can accept. Non-sectarian emphasis upon religion in the schools, therefore, must mean emphasizing only those truths which are common to all the religions represented in the entire country. None may be slighted, if non-sectarianism is to have its way.

The trouble is, by the time you finish your non-sectarian process of elimination, you don't have much left to work on. The poor teacher trying to follow such a program would run into difficulties all along the line. She couldn't say anything about Christ, because the Jews do not accept Him as divine; she couldn't touch on the ten commandments, because Joseph Lewis and his followers laugh them out of existence; even the name of God would be taboo, because the Unitarians aren't sure that there is a God, and some of them rather lean to the opposite view.

In short, how in the name of G. Bromley Oxnam are you going to teach religion, and be non-sectarian about it? That is the question we would propose to our Baptist brethren. We wish they would devote some time to the matter in their numerous conventions, and when they have reached a conclusion, let us know all about it. Meanwhile we shall continue to run our own schools along sectarian lines—the sect founded by Christ, Who was God.



Liguoriana



EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

HISTORY OF HERESIES

Chapter XIV. Heresies of the 16th Century

1. *Heresy of Luther, (Concl.)*

The principal heretic of his age, Luther's turbulent and rebellious life was but a reflection of his equally rebellious mind. In numerous books and other writings, he attempted to overthrow many of the most sacred doctrines of Christianity. Though condemned by many Popes and Councils, principally the Council of Trent, his heretical doctrines have had a revolutionary effect upon the lives of many people of his own day and ours. It is possible to cite here only his principal errors.

Many of his errors dealt with the Sacraments. For he adopted as a principle that the Sacraments did not confer grace of themselves but only through the faith of the recipient. Hence, he maintained that children after Baptism were not entirely freed from sin. And with regard to the Sacrament of Penance he held that contrition, confession and satisfaction alone were but a species of hypocrisy, and that the best form of penance was a new life. And since it is impossible for a priest to know of all mortal sins, it is necessary for the penitent to confess only mortal sins committed publicly, for to confess all mortal sins is to leave nothing to the mercy of God to forgive. Carrying out his teaching about the Sacraments to its logical conclusion, Luther taught that no sins are forgiven in Penance unless one firmly believes in their forgiveness; and he even went so far as to teach that, should a priest not be available, any Christian, even a woman or a child,

had the power to forgive sins.

Throughout his life, Luther was greatly troubled by that most beautiful of Christian beliefs, the real presence of Jesus Christ in the Holy Eucharist. At one time he stoutly maintained in a dispute with the Sacramentarians that Our Lord was really and truly present under the species of bread and wine. But later in his life, after he had so greatly abused the gift of faith, he expressed doubt, exclaiming that he wished he could believe. His final doctrine, however, was a destruction of the Christian idea of the Eucharist, namely, that Christ was present only in the *believing reception* of the Sacred Species.

Although many of his other erroneous doctrines had far more damaging effects, it was against the doctrine of indulgences that Luther inveighed with the greatest vehemence. He proclaimed them "pious frauds of the faithful", utterly useless for the remission of punishment due to sin, and necessary only for those who had committed public crimes. And it was this doctrine on indulgences which led him to speculate also on Purgatory. Maintaining that the existence of Purgatory cannot be proved from Sacred Scripture, he formulated his own doctrine on the state of the Poor Souls. Even in Purgatory, he claimed, many souls could not be sure of their ultimate salvation, for as long as they seek peace and detest their punishments they sin without intermission. Moreover, those souls who are freed from the purifying punishments

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by the prayers of the faithful are less blessed than those who satisfy for themselves.

It was Luther who paved the way for despair and false ideas with regard to the predestination of one's soul. Glibly he professed, as an axiom for his followers, that "the just man sins in every good work". No matter how perfect a work may be, he maintained, it is still a venial sin, and faith alone can change its character. Thus, in one fell swoop, did he insinuate doubt as to their salvation into the minds of the faithful and destroy free will, teaching that no one can be certain that he does not always sin mortally because of our hidden vice of pride.

Again it was Luther who opened wide the door to private interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures and through it to the present-day multiplicity of religious beliefs. He taught that the laity possesses an equal right with the learned to the interpretation of Sacred Scripture. And since the Roman Church had gone contrary to the doctrine of the Scriptures, since the time of St. Gregory it no longer enjoyed any preeminence over other Churches. Such doctrine led Luther to disregard sacred tradition and the authority of the Church and to recognize the Scriptures as the sole authority in religious matters. He formulated this doctrine in his usually violent style: "The lay-person possessing the authority of Scripture is more to be believed than the Pope, a Council or even the Church itself."

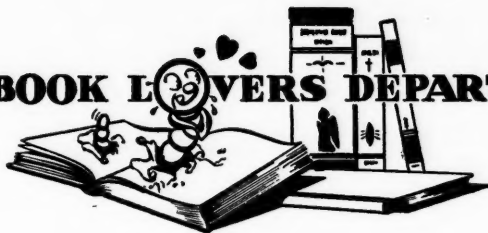
It was not without remorse of conscience, however, that Luther was permitted to spread such heresies. In one of his books he wrote: "How many times has not my heart beat tremblingly? How many times has it not raised be-

fore me that most powerful argument of my adversaries? 'Are you, then, the only wise man? Could so many centuries be in error and ignorance? What if you yourself err and drag so many souls into error to be damned eternally with yourself?' However," he added, "Christ Himself reassured me with his own words."

Scripture itself was not sacred to Luther. For in his zeal to bend it to his own interpretations he translated the New Testament into German in 1522. In this translation he rejected the Epistle of St. Paul to the Hebrews, those of St. James and St. Jude and the Apocalypse of St. John. In later years, however, he modified this first edition. It is notable that in the Gospel according to St. Matthew alone he changed as many as thirty-three passages. The most flagrant of all his changes, however, is to be found in the Epistle of St. Paul to the Romans. (Chapter 3, verse 28). Luther completely changed the meaning of the text: "For we account a man to be justified by faith, without the works of the law", by inserting the word 'alone' after 'faith'. When objection was made to this interpolation at the Diet of Augsburg, Luther made this haughty rejoinder: "If your papist objects so strongly to this word, 'alone', tell him that Doctor Martin Luther wishes it to be so and says that Papist and ass are one and the same thing. So do I wish it, so do I command! Let my will take the place of reason!"

Such was the life and teachings of the arch-heretic, Martin Luther. From even this short account it can easily be seen why, even while Luther lived and especially in our days, the Protestant revolt led to such contradictory factions, beliefs and practices.

BOOK LOVERS DEPARTMENT



Conducted by T. Tobin

CATHOLIC AUTHOR OF THE MONTH

Rev. John Anthony O'Brien
1893-

Catholic Apologist

I. Life:

John A. O'Brien was born of Catholic parents in Peoria, Illinois, on January 20th, 1893. The School Sisters of Notre Dame drilled him in the fundamentals of learning in St. Patrick's grammar school. John graduated from the Spalding Institute as valedictorian of his class. After his first year at Holy Cross College, John enrolled and finished his collegiate course at St. Viator's College in Bourbonnais. While at St. Viator's he was privileged to study philosophy under Father William Bergen, C.S.V., who was also the teacher of Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen. John and his companions on the St. Viator's debating team had the good fortune to defeat Notre Dame on its own campus. He was graduated in 1914 and ordained to the sacred priesthood in 1916. After graduation Father O'Brien took a year of post-graduate studies in education at the Catholic University. Father O'Brien became the first Catholic Chaplain at the University of Illinois in 1917. At the University he established the Newman Foundation for the Catholic students. During the 22 years that he served as Chaplain over 300 students were received into the Church. In the early years of his chaplaincy Father O'Brien obtained his doctorate from the University. His work at the Foundation was terminated in 1939 with a year of travel in Europe and research at Oxford. Since 1940

Father O'Brien has been professor of post-graduate apologetics at the University of Notre Dame.

II. Writings:

Father O'Brien's pen has been very active in the service of the Church. Books and pamphlets on all phases of the doctrine and practice of the Church have revealed the healthy modernism of his outlook in endeavoring to make ancient truths understandable to modern minds. *Evolution and Religion* is a very fair evaluation of the claims of evolutionistic scientists. *Religion in the Changing World* and the *Priesthood in the Changing World* discuss the problems met by priest and people. Father O'Brien has also edited symposia on convert making and Catholic scholarship. Well over 70 pamphlets on various topics have been written by him.

III. The Book:

The Faith of Millions is one of the best books of the author. Surely it is one of the most popular, and the one most translated. It deals in a very clear manner with the basic doctrines of the Catholic Church. It does for the twentieth century what *The Faith of Our Fathers* did for the nineteenth. Catholics will find a better appreciation of their Faith and sincere inquirers will receive an answer to many problems that concern them.

September Book Reviews

Baroness Catherine De Hueck

Tumbleweed. By Eddie Doherty. 203 pps. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75.

One day Father Paul Hanley Furfey said of his spiritual daughter: "She is God's own Tumbleweed blowing through the world wherever the breath of the Holy Ghost may send her." This book is the story of the use that the Holy Ghost has made of His *Tumbleweed*.

Although Russian, Catherine and her parents were always Roman Catholics. As a young girl bride of fifteen or sixteen she went to serve as a nurse in the Russian army during the first world war. For her heroism she was decorated with the St. George Cross. When the Communists came into power she and her husband had to flee. To save their lives they were forced to live in a pig sty for several days. They finally escaped to London and Canada. The Baroness was forced to work to support her sick husband and her son. After taking many menial jobs she found fame and fortune as a lecturer on the old Chautauqua circuit.

The great decision in her life came when she decided to give up her comfortable home and living to go among God's poor. Her first Friendship House was opened in the slums of Montreal. Quickly other houses were established in Harlem and Chicago. She lived and worked as the poorest of the poor in order to win them for Christ. She investigated the appeal that Communism had for some lapsed Catholics by working in poor restaurants and taverns. The Baroness was personally responsible for many converts to the Faith and the Sacraments.

But this is not only the story of Catherine but the romance of Catherine and Eddie. The narrative opens with the scene where Eddie first met the Baroness. Eddie overheard ("overheard" is not the exact word, because one never overhears but hears the loud strident voice of the Baroness) her lecturing a woman on her duties and privileges as a wife. From time to time the narrative is interrupted by a proposal from Eddie and the Baroness' quick refusal. But finally her Bishop gave consent to her marriage and as in all true romances Catherine and Eddie lived happily ever after in their dream home in Canada. Readers will enjoy and be inspired by these well written episodes in the life of Catherine. The story of Eddie's life and of the work of the Friendship Houses has been told elsewhere.

Technique of Converting Americans

Winning Converts. Edited by Rev. John A. O'Brien 248 pps. New York: P. J. Kennedy and Sons. \$3.00.

After twenty years Father O'Brien has edited another symposium on convert making. *The White Harvest* exerted a powerful influence on the convert movement. Now the authors of this second volume survey the work that has been done and offer new methods for the success of the work.

Perhaps the most important feature of this book is the emphasis on the work of the lay Catholic in the conversion of his fellow Americans. The insistence of the Holy Fathers on the essentially apostolic nature of the Christian life has resulted in the organization of groups of zealous Catholics to assist the priesthood in spreading the Faith. The work of the Legion of Mary and the Convert Makers of America is stressed. Another fact of great importance for priests is that experience amply demonstrates that an Inquiry Class increases the number of converts in a parish.

Experts in the field give their own special technique that, in the Grace of God, has enabled them to have success in their apostolate. Some of the writers enjoy national reputations. Monsignor Sheen, Clare Boothe Luce, Father Donovan, C.M., and Father Fallon, C.M., are a few of the contributors to this book. *Winning Converts* will take its place beside *The White Harvest* as required reading for seminarians, priests and lay apostles.

Interpretations of the Canticale of Canticles

The Canticale of Canticles. By William Pouget, C.M. and Jean Guittou. Translated by Joseph L. Lilly, C.M. 201 pps. New York: Declan X. McMullen. \$2.25.

This book is the first volume of the Catholic Scripture Library, a project sponsored by the Catholic Biblical Association. Jean Guittou took notes from the blind Scriptural scholar, Father Pouget, and incorporated various suggestions from Pere Lagrange, O.P., to produce this book. The author proposes not entirely a new but a different interpretation from the one commonly accepted by Catholic scholars. The usual opinion is that the Canticale is the love poem of Solomon for his beloved. The present book sees the Canticale as a dra-

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matic poem involving a King, a Sunamite girl and her lover. The girl remains true to her lover despite the offers of the King. The author explains and attempts to justify his hypothesis and then translates and arranges the poem in accordance with this opinion. The treatment is scholarly, yet not beyond

the interest and understanding of the ordinary Catholic layman. The interpretation is not so convincing as to cause the ordinary view of the poem to be abandoned, or even to seem less probable. It is to be hoped that the Catholic Scripture Library will grow with such worthwhile books.



Best Sellers

A Moral Evaluation of Current Books, published at the University of Scranton.

I. Suitable for family reading:

Image of His Maker—*Brennan*
 Malabar Farm—*Bromfield*
 The Story of the Chautauqua—*Case*
 Home to the Hermitage—*Crabb*
 Michael—*Dudley*
 I Thee Wed—*Gabriel*
 Pilgrim's Inn—*Goudge*
 God the Father—*Guerry*
 Poor Scholar—*Kiely*
 The Making of an Insurgent—
 La Guardia
 I Saw Poland Betrayed—*Lane*
 Throw Me a Bone—*Lothrop*
 Experiment in World Order—*McGuire*
 You and Your Doctor—*Miller*
 A Russian Journal—*Steinbeck*
 Fire—*Stewart*
 Toward World Peace—*Wallace*
 The Bible and Early Man—*Johnson*
 The American Democracy—*Laski*
 Maurice Baring—*Laura*
 The More Perfect Union—*MacIver*
 You and Psychiatry—*Menninger*
 The First Freedom—*Parsons*
 My Own Story—*Robinson*
 Civilization on Trial—*Toynbee*
 Art and Faith—*Maritain*
 Diaries—*Dormer*
 How To Enjoy Poetry—*Farren*
 The Iron Curtain—*Gouzenko*
 Getting Along With Unions—*Greenman*
 The Memoirs of Cordell Hull—*Hull*

II. Suitable for adults only:

A. *Because contents and style are too advanced for adolescents:*
 A Guide to Confident Living—*Peale*
 Communism and the Conscience of the West—*Sheen*
 Plunder—*Adams*
 My Uncle Jan—*Auslander*
 The Price of Power—*Baldwin*
 The Echoing Green—*Estes*
 Storm Against the Wall—*Cook*
 The Death of Socrates—*Guardini*
 A Modern Law of Nations—*Jessup*

The March of Muscovy—*Lamb*
 All Our Years—*Lovett*
 Memphis Down in Dixie—*McIlwaine*
 The Wandering Osprey—*Mackinder*
 Mademoiselle Lavalliere—*Murphy*
 The Gathering Storm—*Churchill*
 The Foolish Gentlewoman—*Sharp*
 Space and Spirit—*Whittaker*

B. *Because of immoral incidents which do not invalidate the book as a whole:*

Parris Mitchell of King's Row—
 Bellamann
 Peony—*Buck*
 Free Admission—*Chase*
 Power—*Fenchtwanger*
 The Marriage of Claudia—*Franken*
 Milk Route—*Ostenso*
 The Great Mischief—*Pinckney*
 Reluctant Rebel—*van de Water*
 The Golden Hawk—*Yerby*
 The Hatfields and the McCoys—*Jones*
 The Flames of Time—*Kendrick*
 The Stilwell Papers—*Stilwell*
 Bright Feather—*Wilder*
 The Sword of Il Grande—*Creed*

III. Suitable only for the discriminating reader:

Temper The Wind—*Davis*
 The Goebbels Diaries—*Goebbels*
 Sexual Behavior in the Human Male—
 Kinsey
 The Outer Edges—*Jackson*

IV. Unsuitable for any reader:

Headless Angel—*Baum*
 Devil Lord's Daughter—*Baume*
 The Strange Blooming—*Bellamy*
 Enjoyment of Living—*Eastman*
 The Time is Noon—*Haydn*
 Touchstone for Ethics—*Huxley*
 Asylum for the Queen—*Jordan*
 The Song of the Flea—*Kersh*
 That Winter—*Miller*
 World Without Visa—*Malaquais*
 Stronger in the Earth—*Sugrue*
 Everybody Slept Here—*Arnold*



Lucid Intervals

The inspector was paying a hurried routine visit to an over-crowded school. "Any abnormal children in your class?" he inquired of one harassed-looking teacher.

"Yes," she replied, with knitted brow, "two of them have good manners."

Michael had taken a rather strong dislike to kindergarten. All persuasion failed and his mother in desperation told him firmly that he would have to go.

"All right, Mother," retorted Michael. "If you want me to grow up into a darn bead-stringer, I'll go."

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.

"Yes, I cut them," was the stern reply.

"All right," retorted the boarder, "I'll deal."

"The mule," wrote little Sammy painstakingly, "is a harder bird than the goose or turkey and different, too. He wears his wings on the side of his head. He has two legs to walk with, two legs to kick with and is sometimes backward about going forward."

'Tis the night before payday
And all through my jeans,
I've hunted in vain for the
Ways and the means.
Not a quarter is stirring,
Not even a bit.
The greenbacks have left me,
The pennies have quit.
Forward, turn forward,
O time in thy flight,
And make it tomorrow
Just for tonight.

A barber was pleased and surprised to get a tip from a customer who was stepping into the chair.

"Thank you sir," said the barber, "Not many men tip us first."

"That's not a tip," snapped the customer, "It's hush money."

A housewife, running into an afternoon Christmas money shortage, decided to borrow a few dollars from baby's piggy bank until she received her next weekly allowance.

Guiltily, she opened the bank during her husband's absence. Inside she found only a white slip of paper which read: "IOU \$5.00. Daddy."

A little girl whose fondness for movies and the personalities featured in them far surpassed her liking for school and textbooks, was selected by the teacher to answer the question: "What is a comet?" Perturbed, the child hesitated.

"What is a star with a tail?" persisted the instructor.

"Why, Mickey Mouse!" exclaimed the pupil, brightening.

A stranded English actor went into a sordid eating house in New York for a cheap meal. He was horrified to recognize his waiter as a colleague who had played with him in London.

"Great Scott!" he gasped. "You—a waiter—in this place!"

"Yes," replied the other in dignified scorn, "but I don't eat here."

The junior partner, in love with his pretty secretary, was talking to her when he saw the boss coming in. "Let's see," he said, "where was I?"

The girl had not seen the boss.

"You were talking of our future, darling," she said, "our home, the beauty of a room by moonlight, and how you'd like to smash old dope."

A motorcycle cop stopped a car and pulled out his book. "I clocked you at 45, mister," he said. The lady in the back seat cackled gleefully. "Just you give him a ticket, officer," she said. "Serves him right. He's a reckless, inconsiderate, dangerous driver."

"Your wife?" asked the cop, and when the driver nodded glumly, the officer snapped shut his book, and added, "Drive on, brother."

Asking A Favor

At least half a dozen persons have informed us in recent weeks that their **Liguorian** subscription lapsed merely because they had put aside their renewal notice, intending to send it in later, and then forgot. There must be hundreds of others to whom this has also happened. This always complicates things in the file rooms of **The Liguorian**; it costs money and time because of the necessity of handling an address plate two or three times, and it holds us back in our efforts to reach a point where we shall be able to provide as much free literature as anyone wants for distribution about their city or neighborhood.

So we ask again that our subscribers try to use the first notice of expiration we send them for renewing their subscription. We do not have a large enough margin of income to send out, as many magazines do, six or seven different reminders to renew. It will help us immensely if the majority of our readers will renew promptly, i.e., on the receipt of their first notice.

If any who read this can recall that they have received a notice that it is time to renew and have misplaced or lost it, we ask them to use the blank below to renew **now**. Please mention the date of expiration as found behind your address on the last copy of the magazine you received; for example, if the numbers 8-48 appeared behind your name, it means that your subscription expired in the 8th month (August) of 1948.

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\$2.25 for one year in Canada or foreign countries.

Motion Picture Guide

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Back Trail
Date with Judy, A
Range Renegades
16 Fathoms Deep
Spiritualist, The
Triggerman

Previously Reviewed

Adventures in Silverado
Angels Alley
Berlin Express
Beyond Glory
Big Punch, The
Big Town Scandal
Bill and Coo
Blazing Across the Pecos
Blondie's Reward
Bold Frontiersman, The
California Firebrand
Campus Sleuth
Carson City Raiders
Challenge, The
Dangerous Years
Dead Don't Dream, The
Deep Waters
Design for Death
Docks of New Orleans
Dude Goes West, The
Easter Parade
Enchanted Valley
Feudin', Fussin' and A-Fightin'
Fighting Back
Fighting Father Dunne
Fort Apache
Four Faces West (formerly They
Passed This Way)
French Leave
Fugitive, The
Fury at Furnace Creek
Gallant Legion, The
Give My Regards to Broadway
Green Grass of Wyoming
Guns of Hate
Hawk of Powder River, The
Heart of Virginia
If You Knew Susie
Inside Story, The
I Remember, Mama
Iron Curtain, The
Jiggs and Maggie in Society
Joe Palooka in Fighting Mad
Kings of The Olympics
Melody Time
Mickey
Miracle of the Bells, The
Monsieur Vincent (French)
My Dog Rusty
My Girl Tisa
Noose Hangs High
Northwest Stampedo
Oklahoma Blues
Old Los Angeles
Olympic Calvacade
On An Island With You
Prairie Outlaws
Return of the Badmen
Return of the Whistler, The

Road to Rio
Scudda-Hoo, Scudda-Hay
Search, The
Secret Service Investigator
Shaggy
Song of Idaho
Speed to Spare
Tale of the Navajos
Tarzan and the Mermaids
Tenth Avenue Angel
13 Lead Soldiers
Timber Trail
Tioga Kid, The
T-Men
Trail to Laredo
Trapped by Boston Blackie
Under California Stars
West of Sonora
Whirlwind Raiders
Winners Circle
Who Killed Doc Robin
Wreck of the Hesperus, The

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

Coroner Creek
Hamlet
Michael O'Halloran
Night Has a Thousand Eyes
Night Unto Night
Pitfall, The
So Evil My Love
Tap Roots
Texas, Brooklyn and Heaven
Train to Alcatraz

Previously Reviewed

Abbott and Costello Meet
Frankenstein
Alias a Gentleman
Angry God, The
Another Part of the Forest
April Showers
Arizona Ranger
Assigned to Danger
B. F.'s Daughter
Big City
Big Clock, The
Black Bart
Blonde Ice
Body and Soul
Bride Goes Wild, The
Brothers, The
Caged Fury
Canon City
Checkered Coat, The
Close-Up
Cobra Strikes, The
Counterfeiters, The
Crossed Trails
Dear Murderer
Devil's Cargo
Emperor Waltz, The
End of the River, The
Escape
Fabulous Joe
Farrebique (French)
For You I Die
Fuller Brush Man, The
Half Past Midnight
Hatter's Castle
Here Comes Trouble
Holiday Camp
Homecoming
Ideal Husband, An
I, Jane Doe
Jinx Money
Key Largo
Killer McCov
King of the Gamblers
Let's Live Again
Life With Father
Lightnin' in the Forest
Lost One, The (La Traviata)
Man-Eater of Kumaon
Man from Texas
Mating of Millie
Meet Me at Dawn
Miracle in Harlem
Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream
House
Mr. Reckless
Money Madness
Mourning Becomes Electra
Mystery in Mexico
Naked City, The
October Man
Open Secret
Panhandle
Paradine Case, The
Pearl, The
Piccadilly Incident
Pirate, The
Portrait of Innocence (French)
Port Said
Race Street
Raw Deal
River Lady
Road to the Big House
Romance on the High Seas
Sainton
Sainted Sisters, The
Showtime
Silver River
Sitting Pretty
Sleep My Love
So This Is New York
Springtime
State of the Union
Street With No Name, The
Summer Holiday
Take My Life
Time of Your Life, The
To Live in Peace (Italian)
To the Ends of the Earth
Treasure of Sierra Madre, The
Twisted Road, The (formerly
Your Red Wagon)
Unconquered
Up in Central Park
Velvet Touch, The
The Voice of the Turtle, The
Vicious Circle, The
Water Front at Midnight
Will It Happen Again?
Winter Meeting
Woman from Tangier
Woman in White, The
Woman's Vengeance, A